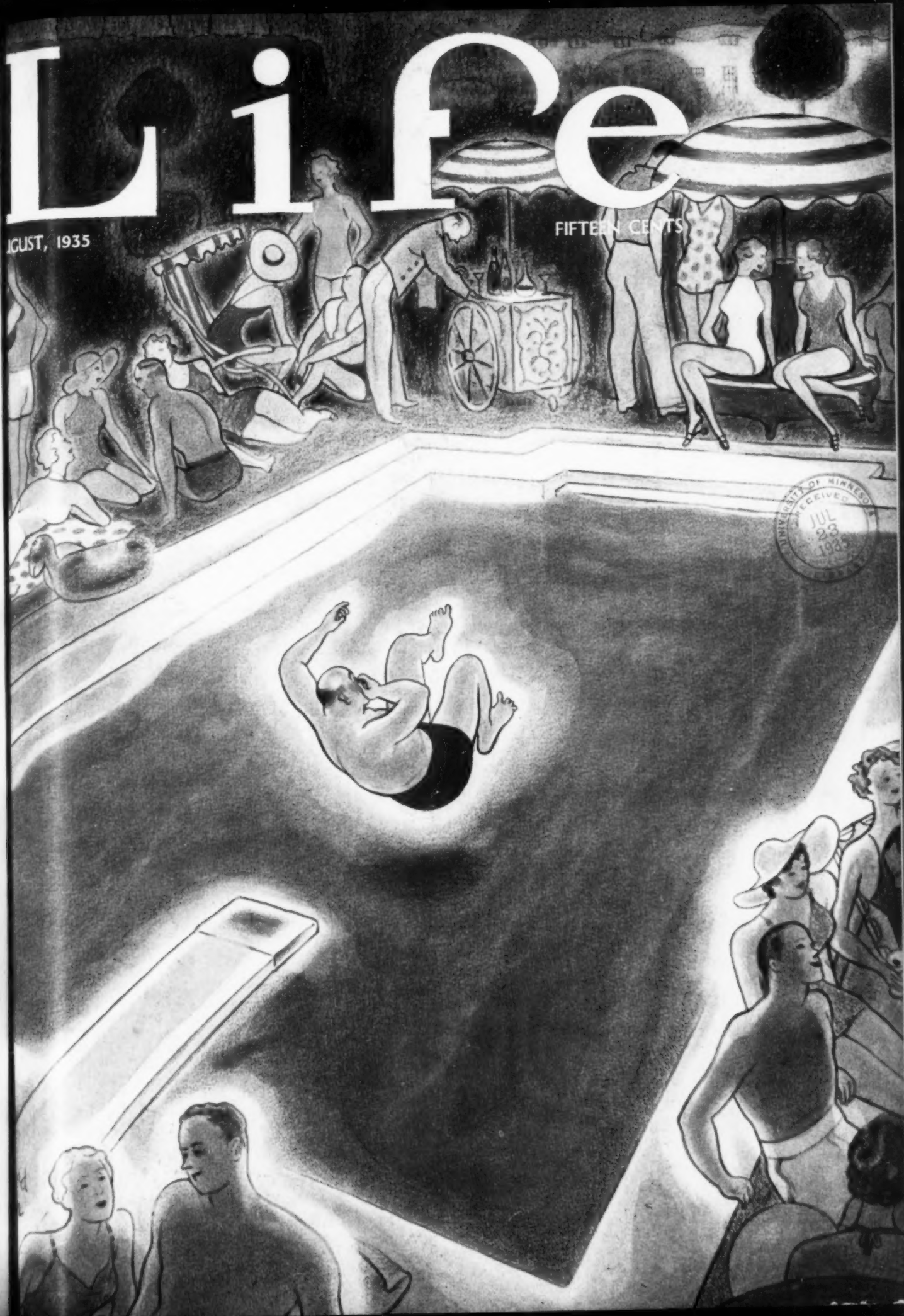


Life

AUGUST, 1935

FIFTEEN CENTS





When *BLOWOUTS* happen —what then?

You can now escape the greatest danger—the violent swerve, the disastrous loss of control—if the tubes in your tires are LIFE GUARDS

SO LONG as tires are filled with air, it is foolish to talk of making them absolutely "blowout proof," for the same reason that nothing can make them absolutely "puncture proof."

But now you can have far greater safety *after* a blowout happens.

What makes blowouts dangerous is the sudden escape of the air—the sudden collapse of the tire, which leaves you at the mercy of a flapping, writhing "flat" on one wheel.

So Goodyear set out to develop a tube which would prevent this instant collapse — and give you precious time to make a stop with your car under control.

Actually, there are two tubes—one

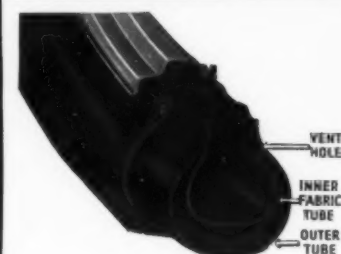
inside the other. Even when the casing and outer tube are blown or torn wide open — you still have a reserve of air, in the two-ply fabric-reinforced inner chamber, and the tire goes "soft" instead of "flat."

Blowouts thus become no more hazardous than a slow leak — and just as easy to control.

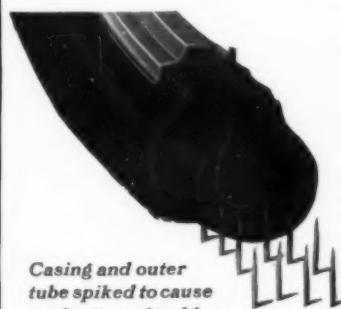
To test the protection which this new LIFE GUARD tube provides, Goodyear wrecked hundreds of tires deliberately — with spikes, with knives, with dynamite — *and never had an accident.*

LIFE GUARD tubes are neither cheap to build nor cheap to buy.

They are not built to save money — but to save lives.



How LIFE GUARD Tube looks inside tire during normal driving



Casing and outer tube spiked to cause made-to-order blow-out. Note that two-ply fabric-reinforced inner chamber remains intact. Car rides on this reserve of air until it can stop in safety

LIFE GUARD TUBE

THE GREATEST NAME  IN RUBBER
GOOD YEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

"BARBAROUS!" Says GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BEAUTY EDITOR
"INTELLIGENT!" Says YOUR OWN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"IT'S worse than a blunder, it's a social crime," exclaimed the Director of the new Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic. "That girl," she went on, "is headed for social suicide."

But dentists looked at it differently.

"An excellent picture," was their general comment. "It's a graphic illustration of a point we dentists are always seeking to drive home. If all of us gave our teeth and gums more exercise on coarse, raw foods, many of our dental ills would disappear."

Time and again dental science has crusaded against our modern menus.

Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy...sensitive...tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

For unheeded, neglected—"pink tooth brush" may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

Follow your dentist's advice. Brush

your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy a full-size tube of Ipana and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



IPANA and Massage
mean
Sparkling Teeth
and **Healthy Gums**

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. LL-85,
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____



STOP

CAUTION

GO

"STOP & GO" SERVICE

THEATRE — MOVIES — SPORTS
BOOKS — RECORDS — "GO" PLACES

+ +

THEATRE

George Jean Nathan

Accent on Youth, by Samson Raphaelson. An inferior troupe is now delivering the script, but some of the humor still manages to trickle through, although it has considerable difficulty at times. *Plymouth, W. 45th.*

Anything Goes!, by the MM. Porter, Crouse, et al. Gay fooling embroidered with gay tunes and lyrics, and merrily projected. *Alvin, W. 52nd.*

Awake and Sing!, by Clifford Odets. The Group Theatre's best playmaker gives you a picture of Bronx Jews which has its various virtues together with its critical flaws. *Belasco, W. 44th.*

Ceiling Zero, by Frank Wead. Some able acting can't conceal the fact that this aviation comedy-melodrama has a distinct Hollywood scent. *Musie Box, W. 45th.*

Earl Carroll Sketch Book, by Eugene Conrad, Charles Sherman, et al. A swollen cabaret show that relies for its humor on Gents' Walk jokes and that battles unsuccessfully against tedium. *Winter Garden, B'way and 50th.*

Kind Lady, by Edward Chodorov. Something may be wrong with me (which personal confession now probably makes it unanimous) but this popular thriller succeeded only in inducing in me a large snore. *Booth, W. 45th.*

Knock on Wood, by Allen Rivkin. Rubbish, with a smutty tinge, about Hollywood and by a Hollywood literatus. Deceased. *Cort, W. 48th.*

Personal Appearance, by Lawrence Riley. The movies taken for a ride, with Gladys George in the driver's seat. Some funny cracks and Miss George's excellent performance periodically lend bounce to a fundamentally feeble farce-comedy. *Miller, W. 43rd.*

The Children's Hour, by Lillian Hellman. This best American drama of the year failed to get the Pfuilitzer prize because it deals with sexual abnormality. By the same standard, the Pfuilitzer judges must regard **The Old Maid** as a greater play than **Oedipus Rex**. *Elliott, W. 39th.*

The Old Maid, by Zoë Akins. It got the above-mentioned Pfuilitzer prize. Enough said. *Empire, B'way and 40th.*

Three Men on a Horse, by J. C. Holm and George Abbott. Some satisfactory chuckles emerge from a heavily carpentered script narrating the adventures of a fathead who has the knack of picking race-track winners. Nine customers out of ten seem to consider it the swellest art-work since Aristophanes. *Playhouse, W. 48th.*

Tobacco Road, by Jack Kirkland and Erskine Caldwell. It has been running for two seasons now, despite the fact that it has real merit. But the present company is a poor one. *Forest, W. 49th.*

Waiting for Lefty, by Clifford Odets. The best of the year's propaganda plays, dealing with a taxi drivers' strike and fruity with theatrical wallop. **Till the Day I Die**, also by Odets, is on the same bill. It treats of Communists versus Nazis and, while not without several effective scenes, doesn't measure up to the other exhibit. *Longacre, W. 48th.*

MOVIES

Don Herold

(*Not suitable for children)

Becky Sharp. All colored up and no place to go. But if you are clinically interested in colored souvenir post card art as applied to moving pictures, don't let me stop you.

Escape Me Never. Elisabeth Bergner in one of those brat rôles which are the delight of all actresses bent on proving they are second Bernhards and Duses. I don't fall, but maybe you will. A tedious British production.

Give It To Them.* One of the not-so-good specimens in the epidemic of Department of Justice pictures, with Richard Arlen as the leading crook chaser, and Eric Linden as a boy scout who turns G-man and walks in, like a fool, on a nest of 20 gangsters, single-handed.

Men on Wings. If everything else the Soviet Russians do is as naïve as this toy aviation picture, give me old-fashioned Hollywood capitalism with all its faults.

Oil for the Lamps of China. In spite of its being a Horatio Alger tale about a fellow who has an almost mushy crush on the big American oil company for which he works in China, this picture is engrossing because it covers new ground and has Pat

O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson, two actin' pippins.

Our Little Girl. Shirley Temple pulls her first bloomer. She over-grimaces in a stale story about a daddy who is too busy to go horseback riding with mommee, and a wealthy neighbor who isn't, and how Shirley brings daddy and mommee back into each other's arms.

Party Wire.* An old-fashioned but refreshing cartoon comedy of small town life, picturing the trouble that village tabby-cats can start when they listen in on a party line.

Public Hero No. 1.* Another bang, bang Department of Justice picture, with bang-up performances by Joseph Calleia (né Spurin-Calleia), Chester Morris, Paul Kelly, and by Lionel Barrymore as the dipsomaniac dog who is staff bullet remover.

The Clairvoyant.* No excuse for this slow English stupie. Claude Rains rolling his eyes, hammily, in a piffing story about a man who foresees train wrecks, derby winners and mine disasters.

The Girl from 10th Avenue.* Bette Davis in one of her remarkable hussy rôles, but this time she's a hussy with a heart of gold, and saves her man from a life of liquor and polo.

SPORTS

Paul Gallico

Tennis. July 22. Annual Invitation Tournament, Seabright, N.J. (So you thought old Dr. Gallico had gone sissy on you, eh? No red lights, eh?) Good enough tennis players, playing at the world's snootiest tennis club at the hottest time of the year and at the hottest place on earth.

Ponies. July 29. Opening of the racing season at Saratoga Springs, N.Y. An elegant and entertaining mixture of horse racing, society people, touts, bums, haut monde, racketeers, etc., in an old-fashioned town. The ponies by day and night clubs and gambling houses at night. George La Maze will probably be cooking for one of the joints. You'll meet everybody you ever knew.

Golf. July 29 to August 3, Public Links Championship, Coffin's Memorial Court, Indianapolis, Ind. The peepul's tournament. Annual get-together of the hit and run golfers. You hit your ball and then run to see that nobody swipes it. The slogan of the public links golfer is: "Never pocket a stray ball until it has stopped rolling." Not very good golf, but there ought to be some laughs.

Swimming. August 2, 3, 4, Jones Beach State Park, Wantagh, Long Island, Annual Water Circus. Three day carnival featuring America's
(Continued on page 38)

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I'll never let you down
I'm your best friend
I am your Lucky Strike

For a friendly smoke—it's the tobacco that counts. I am made of fragrant, expensive center leaves only; the finest, most expensive Turkish and domestic tobaccos grown.

Copyright, 1935,
The American Tobacco Company

*Try me
I'll never
let you
down*

"I'd like to buy
a Telephone Call"



When you call a telephone number on the other side of town, you say in effect—

"Give me the use of miles of wire in a cable under the street, a section of switchboard and all the other equipment needed in the central office. I want this equipment to be in perfect working order so that my call is clear and goes through without interruption. I would like this all arranged to connect me with my party instantly—and at a cost of a nickel or so."

Telephone people are asked to do this millions of times a day and find nothing unusual in the request. But to do it at the price you pay for telephone service—in fact, to do it at all—has taken many years of research, engineering and organization by the Bell System.



LETTERS



Analysis

Gentlemen:

During the past year I have been interested in watching my students' and my own reactions to the magazines which we have attempted to analyze. Asked to name their favorite magazines among a list of seventy-five they (all students in advanced writing courses) nine times out of ten select the "literary" or the proletarian magazines, and yet almost invariably when left to make their own selection from the magazine racks it is the humorous magazines which they choose.

LIFE's "Are You Sure?" was mentioned more frequently than any other single magazine feature. A tabulation of student reactions showed that they considered your "Stop and Go" service the most reliable of all theatre and movie guides. Your cartoons ranked third. Only recurring criticism was that format (type, etc.) was dated.

For the students, for myself I thank you. My subscription provided a number of hours that any sun dial would have been happy to count.

HARLAN LOGAN

Director of Workshop in Composition
New York University

Beard

Gentlemen:

Regarding your statement in the July issue on page 7, namely, that Congressman George H. Tinkham sleeps with his beard outside the covers. How do you know this to be the case? Is he a relative or did he write in and tell you?

FREEMAN PORTER

Algonac, Mich.

[LIFE's Washington correspondents see all.—Ed.]

Are You Sure?

Gentlemen:

Why don't you have your "Are You Sure?" editor write a question like this: An antimacassar is: a fish, a garment, a lace doily for the backs of chairs, an almond-eyed cat?

Did you know that antimacassars were first used in the early part of the 19th century when fashionable young men wore so much Makassar Oil (from the Celebes Islands) on their hair that it became necessary to protect the backs of chairs from soiling?

MRS. EMMELINE R. WHITBECK
Denver, Colo.

[Our A.Y.S. editor had already written question 11, p. 27, before this letter arrived. The story, however, is always good.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

In your July "Are You Sure?" you say that the Library of Congress is the world's largest. My encyclopedia brought forth the following: "The largest library in the world is the Nationale Bibliotheque, in France, with 4,050,000 volumes."

According to the annual report of the Librarian of Congress, for the year ending

June 30, 1917, the Library had 2,537,922 volumes.

GEORGE YOUNG

Jefferson Barracks, Missouri

[The 1935 World Almanac lists the Bibliothèque Nationale as possessing 7,970,000 items, Library of Congress, 7,756,494 items excluding millions of uncounted historical manuscripts.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

I think it would be a lot nicer if you would continue LIFE's Game Department on detachable pages as you did in the recent contest. My husband is an M.D. and likes to take LIFE to the office. By the time I have finished reading it, done the "intelligence test", and finished the puzzle poor LIFE is a wreck. How about it?

MARIE PERIER

Los Angeles, Calif.

[We hope to resume this form soon.—Ed.]

Coughlinism

Gentlemen:

Please discontinue my subscription to your magazine. After the outburst of one K.S.C. and the vile accompanying cartoon concerning Father Coughlin, no decent person should read your paper. I would like to hear K.S.C. argue economics with Father Coughlin. He would resemble a truck-horse racing against a Derby winner.

REV. JOHN T. DUNN

Mercy Hospital
Portsmouth, Ohio

Gentlemen:

While glancing over your magazine I came upon an editorial, or, may I say, the ravings of some disgruntled person signing himself or herself K.S.C. and under the caption "Coughlinism."

I was for the moment astounded at the fact that such a mixture of untruths, lack of

Life

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Managing Editor

EDWARD T. HAAS,

Associate Editor

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York

Gentlemen: Please enter my subscription for twelve months

at [enclosed herewith] \$1.50. (Canadian and Foreign \$2.10.)

Name _____

Address _____

ON SALE THE 20th
OF EVERY MONTH

reasoning and illogical statements was allowed to be printed in anything but a "yellow journal."

But then I remembered that magazines and newspapers are all alike, so that's that.

Now, to compare Father Coughlin to Hitler is certainly narrow-minded to the nth degree. The fact remains that Father Coughlin is always for the interests of the people in distress whether it be mental, or physical. He does not like the international bankers or their unpatriotic ilk who would betray this country for greed. . . .

J. J. McDONALD, M.D.

La Salle, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Page 24 of your July issue is a gross misrepresentation, and an insult to me as well as my Church.

To depict Father Coughlin in his priestly garments is *not* as he goes to the studio to broadcast.

Regardless of what he says, this is an insult to the Church and many Catholics of this city are indignant about this cartoon.

I hope that such misrepresentation will not appear again in your magazine.

HERMAN HIGHFILL, JR.

Peoria, Ill.

[LIFE's editorial and cartoon were no jibes at the Catholic Church; but LIFE's editors agree, with many an intelligent Catholic, that Father Coughlin is a national menace.]

Crossword Winner

Gentlemen:

Let me thank LIFE most heartily for one of the big events in mine. We are looking with much pleasurable anticipation towards our enjoyment of the cruise and have tentatively chosen August 10th as our sailing date. Your mention of the possibility of air travel part of the way is an added thrill. . . .

Partly in the selfish interest of lightening the weight of selfishness on my conscience, and partly because my own two children are able to enjoy a healthful and happy environment, I am sending you a small contribution to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund. May its good work increase!

ERNEST J. WAKEFIELD

Kensington, Md.

[Our sincere thanks to the winner of the Crossword Puzzle Contest for his generous contribution to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund.—Ed.]

The American Scene

Gentlemen:

Please put me down for your forthcoming album, "The American Scene." If you will kindly inform me of the approximate time of publication and the price I shall remit at once.

ERWIN SAX

Zurich, Switzerland

[It will probably be a good six months before LIFE's American Scene volume appears. The price has not yet been determined.—Ed.]

Great Mind

Gentlemen:

According to your item about George Palmer Putnam in the July "Great Minds" it would seem he is suffering from pernicious Amelia.

PAUL SWANSON

Flint, Mich.

[The quotation in question read: "I regard it as very much worthwhile to wait while Miss Earhart is accomplishing something."—George Palmer Putnam.—Ed.]

Smoke less!
and with **GREATER SATISFACTION**



VIRGINIA ROUNDS

CORN TIPPED
OR PLAIN END

Benson & Hedges
VIRGINIA ROUNDS
CIGARETTES

London NEW YORK Montreal

AND DON'T FORGET TO HAVE ABOUT A
DOZEN CANS OF DOLE HAWAIIAN
PINEAPPLE JUICE ON ICE WHEN I
GET BACK SWEETHEART.



McLEOD

HAVE YOU CONTRIBUTED TO LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND?



+ THE
AMERICAN
SCENE
Number Six +
by
Edward Hopper
[See page 48 for
notes on
Artist Hopper] +

From the
Rehn Galleries
Engraving by Powers
Reproduction Corp.



+ SOME OF THE PEOPLE +

OUR COUNTRY

Patriotic Item

THREE times as many American flags were sold during the first half of 1935 as during the same period in 1934.

Disciplinary Item

THE Army's new potato peeling machines save the Government twenty-three cents a hundred-weight in salvaged potato.

Agricultural Item

NEW Jersey farmers, who imported the praying mantis insect to destroy mosquitoes and Japanese beetles, are now seeking a pest eradicator to eradicate the praying mantis pest.

Tradition

BECAUSE the Friday after Thanksgiving is a complete wash-out as a fish day, the Fish Industry, through its Fish Advisory Committee in the Department of Commerce, has asked President Roosevelt to shift Thanksgiving from the last Thursday in November to the last Tuesday in that month.

The Committee also went on record as feeling very badly over the fact that "in 1930, 1931 and 1932 Christmas, New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July all fell on Thursday and Friday." No mention was made of turkey hash.

Bill Yards

SINCE the first U. S. Congress convened in 1789 there have been over 1,500,000 bills and resolutions introduced of which exactly 56,713, or about four per cent, have become laws. Every Congress averages about 21,000 bills, with this 74th falling somewhat below the norm. Probably it's the 1936 elections. Senator Copeland led the pack this year with something like 250 bills and resolutions introduced. Vice-President Garner is the only Congressman to go through a

session without introducing a single bill or resolution. That was in the 66th Congress.

Crazy bills are introduced each session. This one was no exception. We cite Rep. Truax's bill "to preserve and encourage a declining national institution popularly known as the 'circus'"; Senator Norbeck's bill "to preserve from extinction the American eagle," providing a \$100 fine for handling any part of a bald eagle, its nest, or its eggs; Rep. Sadowski's bill "to stabilize and standardize money and labor prices . . . to guarantee work at all times, to give normal prosperity and prevent depressions, and for other purposes."

Going back a bit, there are Rep.

Herrick's bills in the 67th Congress, one of which sought to provide rules under which newspapers and advertising agencies might conduct beauty contests, and the other to prohibit the holding of any sort of a show or pageant which might introduce into the minds of the people the idea that it was a good thing to have a king or emperor around.

Each two-page bill introduced costs the Government \$8.91 for printing the first 100 copies, each four-page bill, \$14.79, each eight-page bill, \$27.14 and so on.

The longest bill ever introduced numbered 2453 pages, making the printing bill around \$7,000. It was in-

+ SONG OF THE SUPREME COURT +

We're nine judicial gentlemen who shun the common herd,
Nine official mental men who speak the final word.
We do not issue postage stamps or face the microphones,
Or osculate with infants, or preside at corner-stones.
But we're the court of last resort in litigation legal.
(See: Case of Brooklyn Chicken *versus* Washington Blue Eagle.)
We never heed the demagogues, their millions and their minions,
But use *this* handy yard-stick when in doubt about opinions:

Chorus

If it's In The Constitution, it's the law,
For The Constitution hasn't got a flaw.
If it's In The Constitution, it's okay,
Whether yesterday, tomorrow or today—
Hooray!
If it's In The Constitution, it must stay!

Like oysters in our cloisters, we avoid the storm and strife.
Some President appoints us, and we're put away for life.
When Congress passes laws that lack historical foundation,
We hasten from a huddle and reverse the legislation.
The sainted Constitution, that great document for students,
Provides an air-tight alibi for all our jurisprudence.
So don't blame us if now and then we seem to act like bounders;
Blame Hamilton and Franklin and the patriotic founders.

Chorus

If it's In The Constitution, it's the law, etc.
—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN



"Wait a minute, Van Nuys; this is table tennis."

roduced in the 69th Congress (1925) to "consolidate, codify and set forth the general and permanent laws of the United States."

Shortest bill on record contained 11 words, all that Rep. Bacon (N.Y.) needed to ask for repeal of the pink slip income tax law this year.

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Item

THE average merry-go-round takes three months to manufacture and costs \$12,000.

Nickel-Plated Corpses

TWO Los Angeles inventors have worked out a method of electroplating corpses with stainless steel, silver or any metal you choose. The process consists of an initial dehydration followed by the depositing of

a one-sixteenth-inch layer of metal over every feature of the remains. When complete, the corpse may be stood up in the Ping-Pong room like a suit of armor and kept forever, if you feel that way about it.

Normandie Beam

IT'S pretty late to be telling anything new about the Normandie, but a gentleman who knows the facts tells us that despite the ship's 160,000 horsepower, both NBC and the General Electric Company had to haul their own batteries on board the world's largest ship in order to perform their respective broadcast stunts.

NBC broadcasted from the ship, all right (using their own power), but General Electric's idea (trust them to think up something mysterious) didn't quite work out. The general gimmick was for some GE men to talk from the

torch on the Statue of Liberty (right hand) across a beam of light to the Normandie. All they needed from the Normandie was a light on which to focus their beam. The stunt went phooey because the Normandie people said they couldn't spare any light for such foolishness, and because, after GE took aboard its own power, the men couldn't get focused through the smoke that swirled around them from one of the Normandie's funnels.

Orange Bread

YOU didn't know it, but your appetite has changed in the last 30 years. One of the big Minneapolis flour mills started checking up and found that in 1900 each person in this country ate an average of 250 pounds of flour a year and that in 1934 the per capita consumption had sunk to 155 pounds.

To put it in the company's words: "Bread has become too much like the patient girl who allows her sweetheart to remain engaged to her for ten years without marrying her. She's a good thing, but her lovers don't appreciate her any more."

For several years, now, the big mills have had men combing the globe for different kinds of bread recipes. Then, in laboratories back in Minneapolis, the experts have cooked up breads that would make your grandmother throw her apron over her head and shriek.

In a short time, now, your local baker will offer you all the breads he has learned to make at the school he has been attending in Minneapolis. There's a bread that's mixed with chocolate malted milk so that it tastes pretty much like a fountain drink, and there's a bread that's been mixed with orange juice so you can eat it for breakfast and forget about the fruit. He won't stop there, though, because he's also successfully mixed bread dough with fresh bananas, pimento cheese, peanut butter, apricots, pineapple and prunes.

We're anxiously watching for an 11-ounce Martini, sliced.

Serial

MOST likely you don't know about Western Union's Serial Service, which allows you to send several messages to the same person during the day at a reduced rate.

Recently a young lady, while attending a dance, was surprised to receive a

telegram which read: "I'm wondering if gardenias match heliotrope blue." There was no signature, but fifteen minutes later a second message arrived: "And whether together they are suited to you." A quarter hour later came the third: "Dearest remember through waltzes and all." Fifteen minutes more brought the final message: "I wish I were with you tonight at the ball. George."

SOCIETY

Débutante

IF you had your choice of coming out in New York or Washington you'd take the latter. You'd have a better time, that's why. But it would help a lot if your father was some sort of a Government official.

It's no trouble at all to have as many big names in attendance as you want. Lobbyists, particularly, shine at this, and when one of their daughters is presented they have more judges, cabinet members, senators and congressmen than you can shake a stick at.

Sub-cabinet officers, that is, assistant secretaries and the like, can send their daughters off with a bang. By the mere push of a button they can have a detail of enlisted men from Ft. Meyer standing at attention, and they can, and do, have the services of one of the three military bands, the Army, the Navy or the Marine band. It's a timid father that can't get a diplomat or two at his daughter's party, particularly those from the smaller countries.

A Washington official can give a handsome party for his daughter for \$500, with the engraved invitations his greatest expense. Few affairs cost more than \$1,000, and if one wants to restrict his guest list he can do a party that no one needs to sniff at for \$200. Henry L. Doherty gave the most expensive one the Capital can recall. It was for his step-daughter in the season of 1932-'33 and is said to have cost \$50,000. That was before the oil code.

Washington aristocracy dwindles with every year, the real 18K aristocracy, that is. For many years it was held together by the late Mrs. John B. Henderson, but after her death it went completely into its shell. Its activities never appear in the society columns. The stories there are of the most ephemeral, unstable society in the world—the Administration powers.

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Cablese

WE stopped in the other day to see what was new in "cablese," those combination words the press associations use to save cable tolls. Nothing was new. Same old thing. "Moren" means "more than"; "FYI" is "for your information"; "unwant" is "do not want"; "eyell" stands for "I shall."

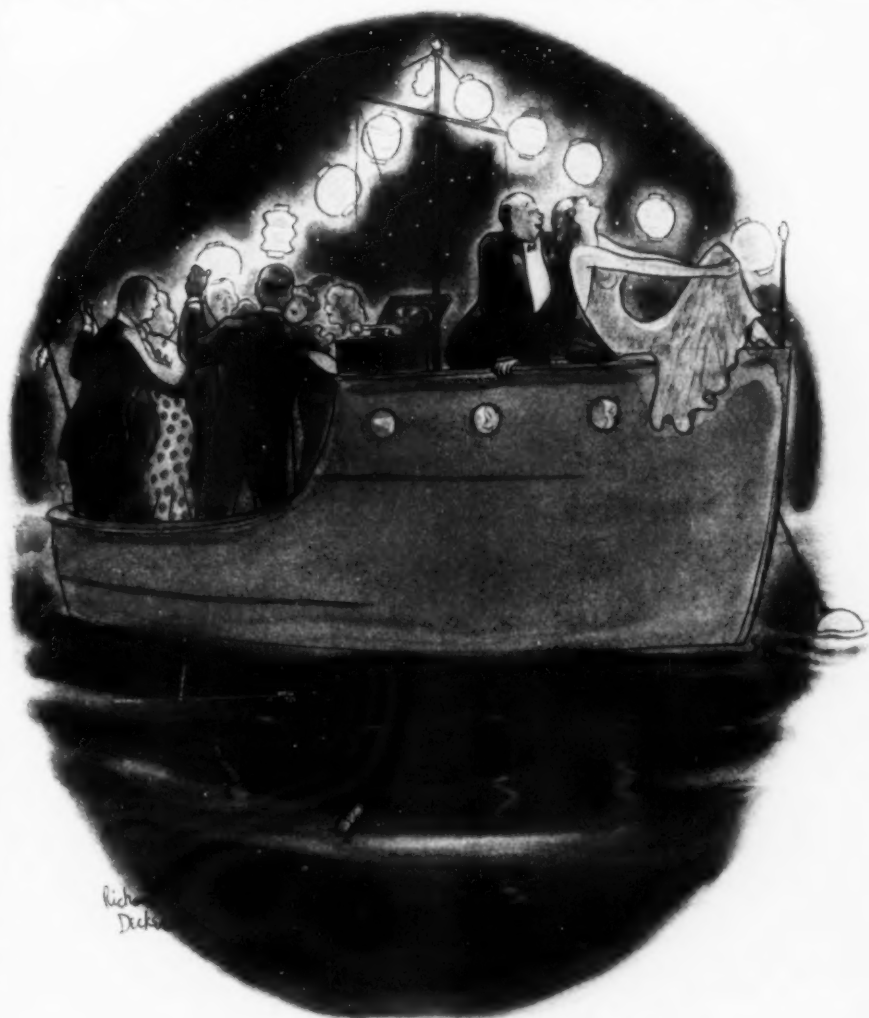
On the gentleman's desk with whom we talked was laid a three-line message just fresh from the London office: "Evestandard financier understands Britauthorities shortly request Britbanks scrutinize closely demands foreignexchange reject all except legitimate." It meant: "The financial editor of the London Evening Standard understands that British Government authorities will soon request all British banks to give closest scrutiny to all requests for foreign exchange and reject all except the most legitimate." On the basis of this the gentleman was tapping out a two page puffball.

Back Numbers

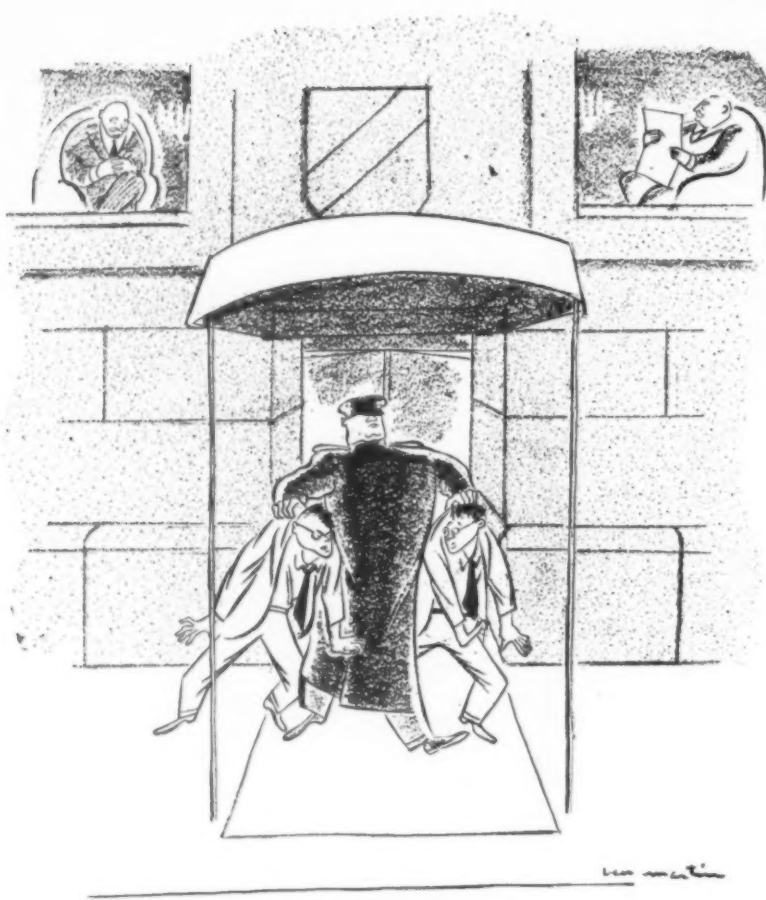
NEXT time you give away that stack of old *National Geographic*s don't expect them to end up in a Salvation Army reading room or go for waste paper. There's a bigger and much better market—the second hand magazine shops.

In the past five depression years 5,000 "back number magazine shops" have sprung up around the United States. Together they employ close to 15,000 people and sell 1,000,000,000 copies of old periodicals a year. In addition there's an export of some 1,000,000 old copies annually, most of them to England and Australia.

Of course, without the pulp magazines the second-hand periodical shops



"May I have the next dance?"



"It's not as easy as I thought, Comrade—this boring from within!"

couldn't exist. Detective magazines are the fastest sellers, closely followed by the Westerns, with Sports and Love stories as also-rans. With pulps, it doesn't much matter the condition they're in. The covers can be torn off and there may be a moustache penciled on every illustration, but so long as the print is legible there are a couple million taxi drivers daily who will flock in to buy five cents' worth of second-hand adventure.

When you get into the quality field the magazines have to be in reasonably good condition to sell. Steadiest seller is the *National Geographic*. *Fortune* is good, too. You can get an 1899 copy of the *Geographic* for \$50 and a first number of *Fortune* for \$25 if you're interested.

The mechanical magazines (*Popular Science*, *Popular Mechanics*) are next biggest sellers. People like to tinker and see what others tinker with. Radio magazines (*Radio Dial*, *Radio Guide*, *Radio World*) are fourth on the list, with

hobby magazines fifth. It seems that whether it's stamps, coins or photography the hobby fans are always eager to buy back numbers of the magazines published for their field. In fact, hardest of all to get, and the best sellers when you can get them, are the photography journals.

As a commentary on American taste, we are pleased to say that the fine arts magazines are always good re-sellers and the sexy publications (*Ballyhoo*, *Hooey*, *Film Fun*, *Movie Humor*) are poor. On the other hand, the literary journals like the *American Mercury*, *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's*, are the worst sellers of all. It leaves you at sixes and sevens.

There's always been a steady re-sale of us. Radio and vaudeville gag men want the wisecracks; naturally the older the copy the better. A series like "The American Scene" always boosts re-sales values because such color reproductions are torn out and sold separately.

Saturday Evening Posts and *Collier's*

are very poor sellers. No profit in reselling a five-cent magazine unless you want a specific back number. Then it costs you fifty cents. Note on trends: sex magazines (*Sexology*, *Sex Science*, *Sex Knowledge*) have largely taken over the re-sale places formerly occupied by *Police Gazette* and *Whiz Bang*.

GREAT MINDS

"HOLLYWOOD is definitely making an appeal for intelligent audiences and letting the radio keep bidding for the low IQ response."

—Claudette Colbert.

"My wife and daughter worry me to death about correcting my English and table manners."

—Senator Huey P. Long.

"I hate publicity."

—Prince Michael Romanoff.

"It's a nice thing in marriage if the husband and wife stay together under any circumstances—drunk or sober."

—Billie Burke.

"We hope our friendly relations with Japan will last forever."

—Emperor Kang Teh.

"I'm perfectly aware that I've never been anything more than a journalist and a literary hack."

—H. G. Wells.

"The farmer is hard to fool."

—Gov. Eugene Talmadge.

"If you can influence yourself, it is enough."

—Gertrude Stein.

"Writers look upon the movies merely as a means to make money."

—Samuel Goldwyn.

"Oh, yes, I love America."

—Count von Haugwitz-Rentlow.

"I never was 'Brother of the Moon'."

—King Prajadhipok.

"I have never been in love with anybody."

—Evangeline Booth.

"What the hell, I'm not much of a fighter. I never claimed I was. I guess I was just lucky."

—Max Baer.

DRAMATIZING THE PACKAGE



"WE have a problem here with the Malto account," said Haskins. "It's a typical problem, so I thought it might be a good one for you younger fellows to wrestle with tonight, as a starter."

"I have some of the new Malto layouts here, that we're going to submit next week unless some better thoughts are developed in the meantime. Now one of the questions is whether we should show the package—the can of Malto—in the ads or whether we should show the product in use, show somebody drinking it. It may make a lot of difference in the results. What do you men think?"

"I thought it was always best to show the product in use," said Thompson. "That's what Goode said."

"I would say that is so ordinarily," Haskins answered, "but in this case the client is particularly sold on the value of product identity in the ads. He says he wants to dramatize the can. Still if he's wrong we don't want to go over there and just yes him. At the same time, let's not get the idea everybody's going to read every word of what we say just because we say it. A lot of people just skim ads. They may see our can in there, forget all about it and then when they go into the store and see the can on the shelf, they recall that they heard something good about it and buy it. They don't know just where they got the impression but they really got it from that hurried skimming of our ads, and from recognizing subconsciously the can that we dramatized in the ads. What do you think, Fred?"

"Well," said Stebbins, "it seems to me with that big display of the word Malto there, nobody could very well miss it."

"Don't be too sure of that. They might think it was Balto, the dog food. Remember that toothpaste ad somebody had with the headline, 'End Gum Troubles this New Easy Way'. The surveys showed that 36% of the people thought it was an ad for Wrigley's."

"I thought that we always showed

what the product would do for you," said Goodman. "Why couldn't we show the product doing something for somebody in our illustration? Isn't that what people are interested in, what will it do for me?"

"That's a good suggestion but we've got that in our headline 'Stimulates by Day, Soothes at Night'. If we tried to actually *illustrate* both claims it would look too contradictory. Still it's a good idea to show what the product will do for you, if it doesn't look too exaggerated."

"Well, why couldn't you just show somebody's face, drinking Malto," said Goodman. "You could show by the healthy look on their face how much good Malto was doing them."

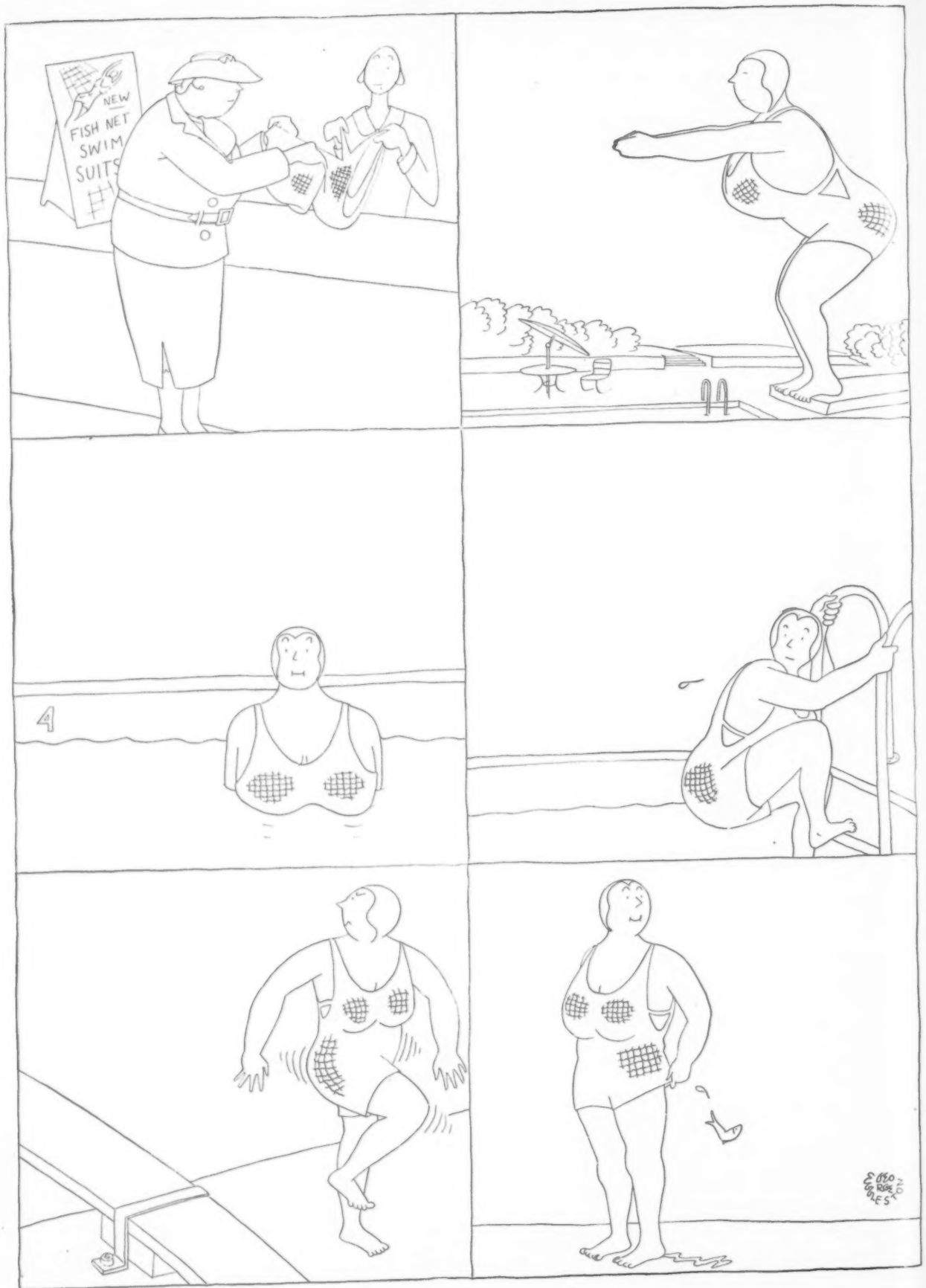
"That could be done all right," Haskins said, "but there are several complications. In the first place, should we show them drinking it hot or cold? We know that the survey showed 58% of the users prefer hot Malto to cold Malto,

and we are liable to get in the habit of thinking that just because most people like hot Malto that everybody likes hot Malto. Don't forget the 42% that prefer cold Malto. We can't afford to neglect 42% of our market, and yet we haven't got room in the ads to show them drinking it both ways. Besides there's another complication. We *think* that because most people prefer hot Malto, they drink it out of a cup, but we don't *know* it. We didn't ask that question in the survey. It may be that the ones who like it hot drink it out of a cup and the ones who like it cold drink it out of a glass. On the other hand, it may be that some people like to drink out of a cup and others like to drink out of a glass, regardless of whether they're drinking it hot or cold. We have our opinions but, as I say, we don't *know*."

"Besides," said Thompson, "if we



"Yes, this is Miss Simmons' office."



showed a cup, they might think it was a tea ad, and if we showed a glass they might think it was some kind of a high-ball, in a liquor ad."

"THAT'S right," said Haskins, "and there's another thing. Should we show a man or a woman? We know that women make 95% of the food purchases in this country, but at the same time the woman is spending her husband's money and if he wants Malto, she'll buy it, especially if she thinks it's going to make him feel better and more efficient and thus increase his earning power. The survey showed that more women drink Malto than men but that may be a sign that we've pretty well saturated the woman market and that we ought to train our guns on the men. On the other hand it may indicate that women are our natural market and that we ought to stick with them. Remember, we can't get too many confusing elements in these ads, we've got to keep them simple. That's why Hubbard favors dramatizing the can."

"This may be out of order," Stebbins ventured, "but I don't see how you can 'dramatize' a thing like that."

"Well, that's our problem," said Haskins. "It's a challenge and I know we won't fail. Supposing we sleep on it and each of you turn in a memo by Monday with your best suggestions. I can at least show Hubbard that all of us are doing a lot of hard thinking on it, even you younger fellows."

—WILLIAM J. PRINGLE

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS

AET. 1-18: He spends an unhappy childhood, suffers at school from super-sensitivity, falls in love with a woman much older than himself, and writes to an established author for advice in his profession. The advice given is: "Don't be an author; it's a dog's life." He decides to be an author.

Aet. 18-25: He writes nine unsuccessful novels which nobody will publish, but which are later—much later—hailed as "already showing that early promise that has been so amply vindicated by his mature work." He has an unhappy love affair with a woman much younger than himself.

Aet. 25-35: He suddenly catches on with the public and has a terrific vogue. Everybody blames everybody else for

not having discovered him long before.

Aet. 35-45: He is accredited as a genius: "the foremost genius of our time." He wins the Pulitzer Prize, the Nobel Prize, the Prix Goncourt and the Prix Femina, and is admitted to the American Academy. A woman falls in love with him and marries him.

Aet. 45-60: He becomes suddenly passé. People say: "Oh, Smythe—is he still alive?" During this period he does the best work of his entire career, but no one reads it. "Old Smythe is written out; he's just repeating himself now."

Aet. 70: Smythe dies, and everyone immediately recognizes that he was the greatest writer of them all. A peti-

tion is circulated to have him buried in the Smithsonian. Another petition is circulated to have the name of the institute changed to "Smythesonian." Smythe is henceforth considered greater than Shakespeare, and it is not until the following century that the "Smythe myth" is exploded by some young iconoclasts, with the result that Smythe lapses into complete oblivion and becomes required reading for students of Literature Z3. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Another sign of prosperity in our town is the number of new two-car garages that are being built with homes.



"Now's our chance to see what it looks like on the inside!"



"No real Indian maiden would throw melon rinds into Miss Snyder's tent."

HARVEY STANDS IN LINES

I DON'T know why so many people ask me how they may amuse themselves while standing in line outside a motion picture theatre. I think they confuse me with my friend Harvey, the professional line-stander.

Personally, whenever I find myself in line awaiting the next showing of the *feechur pitchur* (Loge seats going right in!) I just wish I'd stayed home and drawn mustaches on magazine covers, which is inexpensive and something I do rather well. Sometimes, if it is nasty weather, I amuse myself by stepping on the backs of peoples' rubbers. But mostly I glower.

My friend Harvey, on the other hand, enjoys standing in line. He does as nice a piece of line-standing as you will find anywhere. There's nothing flashy about his work but he'll outstand anyone you put up against him. He simply inches his way unobtrusively along with a modified off-to-Buffalo shuffle and an almost imperceptible shifting of weight from one foot to another. You've seen his photograph a

good many times standing at the head of a line with two days' rations and a toothbrush in his vest pocket, waiting for the first ticket to a World Series game. He holds the all-time record for standing in line outside Democratic National Conventions and minced off with first honors in Chicago in 1933 with five days, five hours and thirty-one minutes. They got him in a room after that and were going to reward him with the vice-presidency but he evaded it by sneaking down the fire escape. It was a close call.

Harvey got his first taste of line-standing with the American Army during the World War. He was the only man in the service, I guess, who liked this particular phase of army life; he couldn't get enough of it. He hadn't been a rookie longer than a week when he was called upon to stand in line six hours and forty-two minutes to have his tonsils looked at. He enjoyed this experience so thoroughly he went back again and again and might have kept it up the duration of the war if the medical

staff hadn't, after a time, learned to recognize his tonsils. They had them out one day and sent him to France. There he was assigned to an officer who stayed so far behind the fighting that there were never enough soldiers around to form a decent line and Harvey was quite unhappy. He used to stand occasionally with his eyes closed pretending he was in a line, but it wasn't like the real thing.

Back in civilian life again, Harvey worked his way patiently up through subway rushes and Christmas shopping stamp-window jams, reaching the top of the profession in the spring of 1933 when he was a commanding figure in the lines which formed in front of six banks and two trust companies.

STANDING outside a motion picture theatre is child's play for Harvey. He generally takes along a little something to munch, a chicken leg or two, a pocketful of potato salad and possibly an onion sandwich. He addresses all doormen familiarly as "Admiral" or "Your Majesty" and makes loud remarks about people who pass. He thinks up side-splitting things to say to people next to him, like: "I guess those folks in there haven't got a home." In fact, Harvey is such a funny fellow outside a theatre that people leaving the show often stand around to watch him.

He never goes into the theatre when his turn comes, of course, unless the picture is about someone standing in lines. He just goes back to the end of the line again. I don't know how he keeps it up, night after night, unless it is because he spends two hours sitting down for every hour he stands up. He sits in hotel lobbies looking as if he were waiting for someone. Some of the larger, newer hotels, which like to have their lobbies teeming, sometimes hire Harvey to sit around during dull times for five cents an hour. But that's another story.

—DOUG WELCH

We have found that it is a big mistake to teach children the value of money; it makes them dissatisfied with what you have been giving them.

There are 154 different flavors of ice cream, says a trade magazine; but it's always chocolate that gets on your white linen suit.

THE DAYS OF YESTERYEAR



and the old swimming hole. What a contrast between all this modern finery and that ancient simplicity. The old swimming hole! I can see it perfectly in my imagination, the clay banks, the winding stream. What a place it was!

Yes sir, I can remember it all, the mosquitoes that feasted on us, the simple springboard that broke one day, and gave me a crack on the head from which (at least so they say) I have never recovered. How well I can remember diving into that water—and getting entangled in weeds or old shoes. How well I can remember how enervated that hot sultry water used to leave us all after we had foolishly stayed in it an hour and a half.

How well I can remember my old companions! There was Jimmie Van Dusen whose idea of a swell joke was

to tie your clothes into forty-seven knots, ripping off at least five buttons in the process. There was pasty-faced Allen Dykes. There was a fellow who'd steal your last cent from you any time—and always did. And young Bill Troogins, probably the freshest brat that anyone ever had to put up with. You couldn't say even the simplest sentence without him making some stale over-worked third-hand gag about it. Oh boy, were they the punkest bunch of companions a fellow ever had! I'll say they were!

Yep, I can remember it all so clearly—the long tedious two-and-a-half-mile walk we used to have to take over dusty roads to get to it, and the brambles that surrounded it and left our legs and thighs torn and bleeding. What days they were, what days they were! They

never cost a cent and they were worth it.

PARKE CUMMINGS

MINT JULEP RECIPE

(According to Our Friends)

PLACE four sprigs of mint (crush, do not crush) in glass and cover with sugar and sufficient water to make sugar oily crush (do not crush) eight twelve six sprigs of mint in bowl and put half in glass and cover with enough powdered sugar and water to make mushy fill glass with Rye and finely crushed ice and put in refrigerator for thirty minutes two hours forty-five minutes one hour fill glass with Bourbon and coarse cracked ice and stir gently vigorously until glass is frosted and sprinkle with nutmeg sprinkle with powdered sugar do not sprinkle with nutmeg or powdered sugar and decorate with sprigs of mint.

—B. B.



"First, I suppose, you'll have to take out the old one, won't you?"

THE SONG OF SONGS



Is anybody here in favor of a redistribution of wealth?
 Because I think it ought to be redistributed, only not by force
 or by stealth,
 Because it is only when other people have it and you haven't
 that it is evil,
 So we had better try to correct the situation before it is
 made worse by a revolution or an upheaval.
 Let us not be like the Soviets and fall prey to any communistic
 demagog,
 No, surely we have more sense than a mujik and would yawn at
 arguments that keep them agog;
 And let us not be sheep like a Fascist audience
 Who get played on by their leaders like concertinas or accaudience;
 Let us rather correct in our own 100% American way the wrongs
 that annoy and disgust us,
 And correct them so the corrections will not offend the Constitution
 and Mr. Hughes, our imposing Chief Justice;
 Let us handle it in the manner of Washington and Jefferson and
 Jackson
 And keep very level-headed and Anglo-Saxon.
 There are several things standing in the way of a natural distribution
 of wealth, but if you want to know which is the
 chief thing, well, I will tell you which:
 The rich marry only the rich.
 It is one of our national disasters
 That, broadly speaking, Astors and Vanderbilts and Rockefellers
 and Morgans never marry anybody but Morgans and
 Rockefellers and Vanderbilts and Astors,
 Whereas if they only bestowed their affections on somebody in a
 lower crust,
 Why money would be distributed over this broad land of ours
 like dust,
 So I think they may all be rich but honest,
 But I think their match-making proclivities ought to be harnessed.
 Yes, if money marrying money were prohibited,
 How speedily and how painlessly it would be redistributed.
 Yes, yes, the rich and the poor can settle and forget their
 differences just as the Blue and the Gray have
 As soon as we have a law saying that people can only marry people
 who have a lot less money than they have,
 And that will be the end of all your Townsends and Coughlins and Longs,
 And that is why I call this piece the Song of Songs.

—OGDEN NASH



AMERICAN SCENE



IT was towards the end of 1938, with the depression still dragging on and unemployment showing no decrease, that Relief officials decided to set unem-

ployed artists to painting the American Scene on the subway walls.

Things got off to a good start when Reginald Marsh started at the South Ferry I.R.T. station and painted a complete burlesque show as far north as Canal Street. Some difficulty was encountered at first when it was discovered that he had painted all the strip acts in the stretch between Canal and Chambers Street, thus causing a terrific jam at 14th Street where downtown passengers changed en masse from the express trains to the locals. This was remedied by painting a reproduction of Goya's *Duchess of Alba* at the South Ferry station, thus tempting passengers to go straight through to the Duchess and return on the locals to Chambers.

So successful was the Marsh series that it was decided to allow Grant Wood to handle the stretch between 14th and 42nd. Mr. Wood commenced with Iowa farm scenes, working up gradually from rolling hillsides to farmhouse dinners and red underwear.

Because it was felt only one man could catch the hectic beat of 42nd Street, Pablo Picasso was imported to decorate the shuttle walls between Grand Central and Times Square. Monsieur Picasso set to work immediately with a slide rule and the intimate notes of Prof. Einstein and within a month had splashed the Spirit of 42nd Street on the walls. Some confusion resulted when one woman priggishly complained of a nude ascending a ladder at a point which was supposed to be a crosstown street car at rest. Eventually the entire Picasso section was painted over by the American surrealists, who did a series of melted Hamilton and Elgin watches against a background of Montana lamb chops and California sunsets.

The city-owned Eighth Avenue subway, feeling that it should truly represent America without turning to eroticism, decided to let John Steuart Curry handle the walls between 42nd Street and 96th. Mr. Curry started mildly with a series of Kansas tornadoes, which in the first month alone increased the number of subway births by 300 per cent.

The B.M.T., not to be outdone, pulled a fast one by turning over the Union Square station to the John Reed clubs, which immediately painted 23,000 Rockefellers, 79,000 hammers and sickles, and 124,000 lean, open-shirted workers and silk-hatted, frock-coated capitalists on the walls. At the conclusion of the work a giant demonstration was held during which a left-left-left wing of the left-left wing of the Communists split off from the left wing in a dispute over whether the watch chains on the vests of the capitalists did or did not look as though they had been made in Germany. The station was completely wrecked inside of an hour.

Learning a lesson from this, the B.M.T. assigned the walls between 14th Street and Houston to Thomas Benton, who eagerly applied a history of the State of Georgia, with Holy Rollers

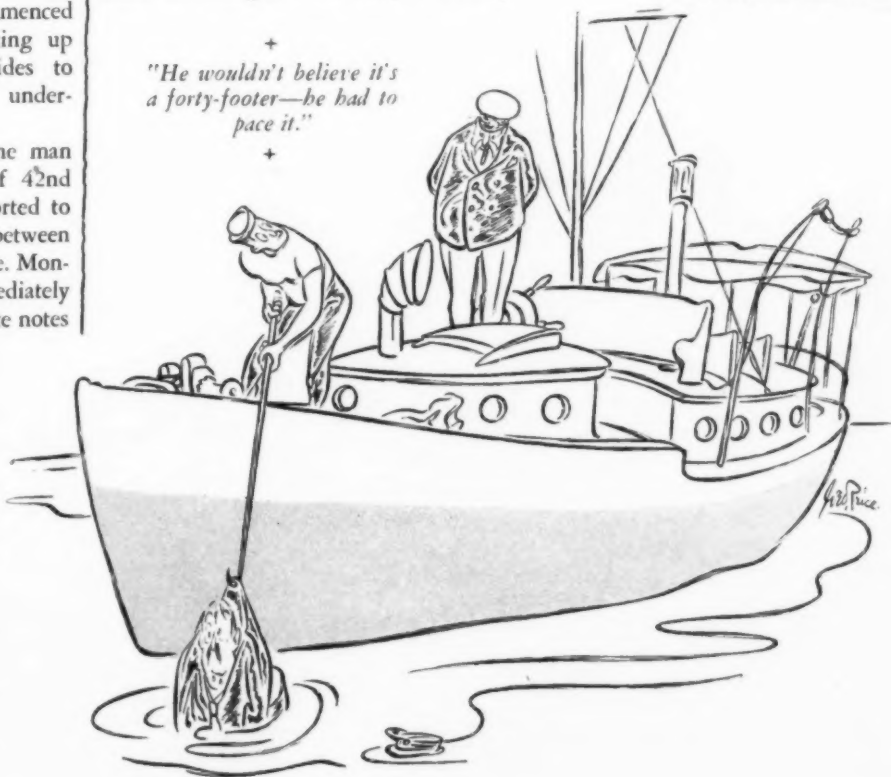
rolling, Crackers cracking and Bobby Jones triumphant on a throne of Nevada silver.

By the end of 1939 the entire subway system was covered with the American Scene. Surface travel dropped off to nothing, while commuters thronged the undergrounds in an effort to see Wisconsin cows, Arizona Indians and Missouri country stores. Vacation travel to out of town regions collapsed completely. Subway stockholders, frantic with joy over rocketing dividends, launched a \$3,000,000,000 bond issue to build 500 miles of subways, the walls to be done with the European Scene, when suddenly President Roosevelt stepped in. It was bad enough, he declared, to ruin passenger traffic on our railroads, but to stifle the steamship trade to foreign ports by painting the European Scene at home, was economic, political and moral suicide. Our merchant marine, he stated, was our biggest asset, and cited what would happen in the event of a war with Louisiana without adequate ships to transport our troops and supplies.

Under the supervision of four regiments of U. S. Army regulars, 100,000 men were given employment for three months, scrubbing the murals off the subway walls.

—IRVING D. TRESSLER

"He wouldn't believe it's a forty-footer—he had to pace it."





THE THEATRE OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

SEIZE the occasion of this theatrical interregnum to unload my mind (*cries of "Hear! Hear!"*) of a few personal murmurs. All season long I have been magnanimously, out of the sheer goodness of my nature, instructing and educating the readers of this journal in the nuances of the dramatic art, thus greatly improving their intellects (*cheers and handclapping*), and what—aside from a mere monthly honorarium of \$15,000—has been my reward? Without demanding a single extra cent, I'll answer the question. My reward, to date, has been thirty-seven letters to the editor calling me a Wiener schnitzel, eighteen telegrams to the same gentleman predicting the early collapse of his publication unless he has the sagacity to fire me at once, eighty-one telephone calls (sixty-three of them suspiciously in the same voice) hinting that a critic so obviously prejudiced must undoubtedly be on the payroll of Wee and Leventhal, two hundred and forty-eight anonymous letters confidentially informing the office that my fault-finding with the performances of Eva Le Gallienne, Margaret Wycherly, Violet Kemble Cooper and other such Caucasians is to be expected from a bum with a notorious yen for colored ladies, and several paragraphs in the various newspaper columns intimating that it is impossible for a critic to take a girl to first nights with him, particularly if she is very good-looking and under forty-five, and remain anything of a scholar.

Such, as I say, has been the only tribute to one who has nobly sacrificed all thought of self, to say nothing of time, sleep and more than maybe three cocktails, to the improving of his fellow men. And one is sore. It may be that not all the accusations and innuendoes against him are false—it is quite possible, for instance, that too attractive a companion on an opening night may happily diminish the intellectual voltage of any critic not descended from the late William Winter or, more par-

ticularly, Acton Davies; it is rather that what the philanthropic critic objects to are readers who are destructive instead of constructive. They tear down without building up. If they know so much about dramatic criticism, why don't they write it themselves? They are those who have failed and seek to vent their disappointment and spleen on others. Etc., etc. (A complete catalogue of quotations may be had from the secretary of the Lambs' Club.)

IT is all right for a critic to be destructive—that's what gets him readers, however otherwise lacking in sense he may be—but it's not all right for readers. It's ingratitude. What a critic wants is not criticism, which under the circumstances is only more coals to Newcastle, but letters to the boss proclaiming him the only thing in the magazine worth reading (with the incidental animadversion that if the boss is paying him less than \$20,000 a month the boss is a cheap, dirty grafter), mash notes from the more beautiful actresses announcing him a composite of Rudolf Valentino, August Wilhelm Schlegel and Archie Selwyn and promising to kick out their husbands instantaneously if he will only show up at the apartment the following Sunday night at eleven o'clock, and maybe an occasional case of vintage champagne. But what does the hapless measle get? Instead of the letters insisting that his wages be raised immediately and threatening the life of the editor if they aren't, at least seven producers show up at the office with the irate proclamation that if the editor doesn't at once can the damned idiot, as they rudely designate him, the aforesaid producers will do something pretty awful, believe them. Instead of the mash notes, there are countless sin-

ister mail-pieces ranging all the way from promises to knock the critic's block off the next time the writer meets him on the street to charges that he is a rank player of favorites, the charges being convincingly based on the peculiar circumstance that, as everybody knows, he endorses the drama of Eugene O'Neill and Sean O'Casey above that of Irving Kaye Davis and Lawrence Riley and the acting of Philip Merivale and Margaret Anglin above that of Rollo Peters and Stella Adler. And instead of the cases of vintage champagne, what he gets are large bundles of play manuscripts from Middle Western barbers who demand as a part of his duty that he read them forthwith and, if he can't get an immediate production for them, that he return them by registered mail, at his own expense.

If, walking down the street, the critic gets a cinder in his eye and drops his head suddenly in pain while an actor happens to be passing, some observer will mistake it for a bow and will henceforth spread the news that he is overly friendly with actors. If, in the interests of a better theatre, he succeeds in persuading this or that producer to put on a first-rate play which

he has discovered, it will be whispered (albeit flatteringly enough) that it was he who put up the money for the production and that (even if it closes after only half a dozen performances) he made a million dollars for himself out of it. And if he accidentally steps on the train of an actress'

gown at a first night and the actress glares at him like a dose of smallpox and loudly denounces him as a two-cent sardine, the report will be spread that he has been having an affair with the actress who has been supporting him and who has now thrown him over.

(Continued on page 42)



OUR NATIVE INDUSTRIES—VII

CANDY BARS



THE United States has the longest, sharpest, most voracious sweet tooth in the world and Repeal hasn't hurt it a bit.

In fact, the abolishment of the Prohibition law only put a cocktail in the right hands of a public which already had a *Tootsie Roll*, *Milky Way* or *Ob Henry!* in its left hand. And as a final salute to the Great Experiment there is now a five cent bar called *Repeal*.

The wrapped five cent candy bar is essentially a modern American phenomenon, its emergence coinciding pretty well with our entrance into the World War. There were, of course, forerunners, but they weren't of much account. One Henry Heide of New York in 1892 built a cream-filled chocolate affair about three inches long and two inches wide. It was called *Chocolate Cream Cake*, those being the days when titles were meant to inform, not titillate. The bar is still being made, more as a sentimental gesture than anything else, though the company states it is still a money-maker.

In 1902 Hershey started making the first molded chocolate bars and about the same time the *Tootsie Roll* was born. Then, twelve years later, Bunte of Chicago capitalized on the current dance craze and brought out *Tangos*, a bar which still sells well, thanks perhaps to nostalgic gentlemen in their early forties.

However, until the War came along the candy bar was still pretty much of a weak sister in the candy business. Most men did not eat them; women were not candy-bar-minded; and children, not yet conscious of their domestic bargaining powers, were still limiting their demands to a penny. The War changed all that. Soldiers, finding the Army diet sadly lacking in sugar, turned to candy to appease their hunger, and more specifically to candy bars, for candy in a box was too ostentatious and candy in a bag seemed embarrassingly childish.

The first of the best-selling bars was George Williamson's *Ob Henry!* Mr. Williamson, a Chicago Hearst-man, de-

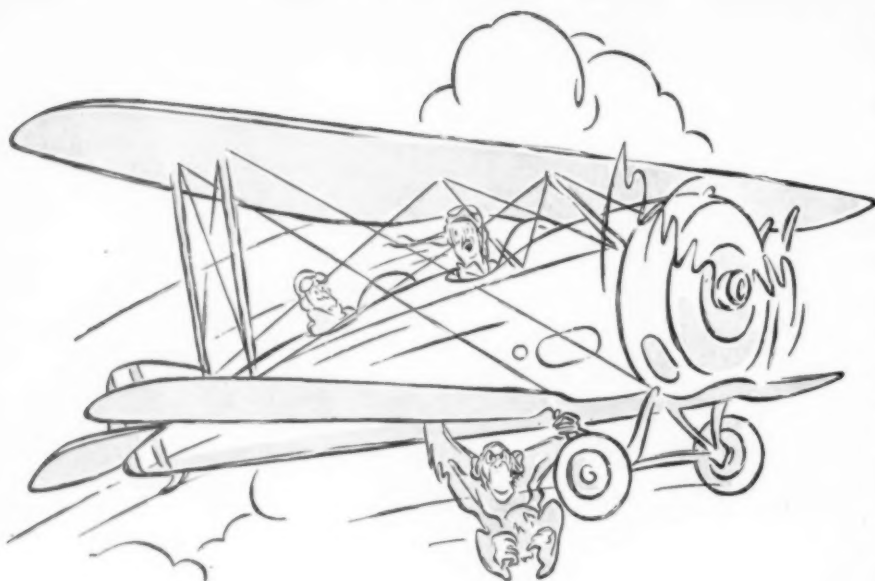
cided he would rather please children than scare them, so opened a candy store in the Loop in 1918 and by 1920 was offering his first candy bar (unnamed) through a few retail outlets at ten cents. Deciding to widen the market for his bar, Mr. Williamson cast about for a suitable name. He was standing in his store one afternoon when a dashing Don Juan of the neighborhood came into the store, causing a sudden flurry of primping and fussing among the counter girls. "Oh, Henry!" one of them sighed under her breath, and "Oh, Henry!" the rest echoed. That was enough for Mr. Williamson.

By 1924 *Ob Henry!* was a national catchword. Mr. Williamson reached a peak of 110,000,000 bars a year, boasted a plant capable of turning out 500,000 of them every nine hours, and managed to maintain his ten cent price until 1928 when rising competition

forced him to drop to the standard five cents. About three years ago he put *Ob Henry!* into a Cellophane wrapper and, without saying a word about reaching for a fresh candy bar, managed to profit very nicely from Camels' campaign.

BIG though the *Ob Henry!* plant is, it can't equal another Chicago candy bar plant. (Chicago, incidentally, is the candy-making center of America.) Of the candy bars made in the United States (and it's a business which takes care of over 20 per cent of the candy industry's output) a Frank Mars of Chicago produces almost half. Mars' *Milky Way* is far and away the best selling candy bar in the country today, and his other products, *Snickers*, *Three Musketeers*, *Honey Almond*, *Toasted Almond Slice*, *Two Bits* and *Thrills*, are all popular, too. Every day he manufactures 3,500,000 bars and into them each 24 hours go 100 tons of chocolate, one-third of the country's output of malted milk, 240,000 eggs and 565,000 pounds of fresh cows' milk, the product of 10,000





cows. Only in America could one find 10,000 cows contentedly consecrating their lives to the ideal of a better five cent candy bar.

Mr. Mars began in Minneapolis in 1923, with a small-scale manufacture of his first bar, *Milky Way*. By 1928 he was riding high and decided to remove to Chicago, building there an enormous Spanish-Renaissance factory in the Oak Park district. Mars' career undoubtedly reached its high point when he transplanted 1,000 of his Minneapolis workers to Chicago—families, bird cages, Fords and all. Newspapers called him a modern Moses.

SECOND on the list of bar magnates is Otto Y. Schnering, president of the Curtiss Candy Company (also Chicago), manufacturer of *Baby Ruth*, *Buy Jiminy*, *Milk Nut Loaf*, *Foosy*, *Buttersingers*, *Baby Ruth Mints*, *Easy Aces*, *Baby Ruth Fruit Drops*, *Nickaloaf* and *Baby Ruth Cough Stops*. Mr. Schnering began his bar career in 1918 and in the next 10 years turned out 100 different ones, of which 87 were complete flops, 12 were morning glories, and one was *Baby Ruth*. From then on it was clear sailing. In 1924, the year of *Baby Ruth's* birth, Mr. Schnering launched a nation-

wide campaign that soon pushed sales to 1,500,000 bars a day. His cutest trick was using airplanes to waft down to gaping citizens sample *Baby Ruths* by means of paper parachutes. It didn't work so well in big cities because of the roofs.

Mr. Schnering claims his bar was named after "Baby Ruth" Cleveland, daughter of Grover Cleveland, and one of the most popular young ladies of the '90's. It is difficult to see the connection, particularly with a well-known baseball player very much in the lime-light during *Baby Ruth's* greatest years, but that is Mr. Schnering's story and he sticks to it. At any rate, the connection set up in the ordinary American mind does his sales no harm.

Bright in the minds of most young Americans of today is the tender memory of chewy hours spent with *Tootsie Rolls*. Nearly 35 years old now, the *Tootsie Roll* is still able to bring \$1,250,000 yearly to the Sweets Company of America. Originally it was a penny roll, and though there is now a five cent edition, 80 per cent of its total income is still in pennies.

The advertising methods of the *Tootsie Roll* company are direct and pointed. There is a tie-up with the Frankie Darro fan club which involves

assuring members that Frankie, who has grown up to be quite a big boy, simply dotes on *Tootsie Rolls*. And last year, when "Peck's Bad Boy" played at the Roxy in New York, young ladies dressed to look like *Tootsie Rolls* were stationed in the lobby to distribute samples to the younger patrons. The management wisely ruled that the samples were to be given to the youngsters as they left the theatre.

It is strange that histories of the hectic 1920's all fail to mention one of the most tragic of that period's highlights—the Candy Bar Hysteria. With *Milky Way*, *Oh Henry!* and *Baby Ruth* establishing new fortunes, confectioners fell all over themselves in their haste to climb on the bandwagon. The usual procedure was to throw together some standard ingredients, get a flashy label and a tricky name and pray. The only ones to profit were the label companies. Looking down a list of the bars today, it's hard to recall the *Texas Tommies*, the *Malteasers*, the *No Kid-dins*, the *Cbu-Cbus*, *Hoky Pokys*, *Tnu Luvs*, *Jazz Bos*, *Butcher Boys* and *Lobster Pattys*. In the 366 days of 1928, nearly 20,000 new bars were put on the market. One year later no more than five could be found on any counter and only two could lay any claim to popularity. Yet despite the comparative sanity which followed the crash, the manufacturers keep on trying. As an ordinary sample, Henry Heide turns out about 20 new bars each year just on the long chance that one will click.

In addition to the big national best-sellers, like *Oh Henry!* and *Milky Way*, there are regional favorites, too. For instance, Mason's *Peaks* have always been a best-seller in Brooklyn; Schutter's *Old Nick* stands first in the New England states, though it is unheard of in the West; and Cardinet's *Baffle Bar* has long been a best seller solely on the Pacific Coast.

It is obvious, of course, that many of the big sellers (*Oh Henry!*, *Baby Ruth* and *Love Nest*, for instance) are made in pretty much the same way. A core of rich fudge is covered with caramel, rolled in loose peanuts and finally dipped in chocolate. To prove their similarity you might try a blind-fold test some evening; it makes an entertaining, inexpensive parlor game.

Candy bars are here to stay. They are too handy and pleasant an article to shake off. As for the deeper social



"We must have been pretty close to the tree tops that time."

significance of candy in this workaday world we quote from an official statement of the National Confectioners' Association: "Candy is a good food, pure and wholesome. It is the universal food; it speaks all languages; it dries the tears in the eyes of little children; it wreathes the faces of old age in smiles; it is the unspoken message from the lover to his sweetheart; it brings joy to the home; it is the advance agent of happiness in every clime." Almost the same story the advertisers tell us about cigarettes.

—S. A. TANNENBAUM

I'LL TAKE THE ETHER

MANY are drawn to radio dials
As sadists are to murder trials,
Thus hinting that beneath the skin
All men are pretty much akin.
You think this statement out of joint?
But wait, and let me prove my point!

At murder cases courts are packed
With folk who love to watch the racked
And tortured culprit fight for life
Beneath the lawyer's verbal knife,
And of the crime they never fail
To get the tiniest detail,
Because the warped sadistic brain
Finds pleasure in inflicted pain.
And how they lean, with bated breath,
To hear the fatal sentence: Death!
Of all the major modern arts
Murder's the one that warms their hearts.

But while the sadists flock to court
We others stay at home for sport
And listen—thus we kill dull care—
To mussy murders on the air:
Murders of Liszt by piano tuners;
Murders of music by moaning crooners;
Murders of ballads by female trios;
Murders performed to vo-de-o-deos;
Murders that chill and murders that bore us;
Murders in solo and murders in chorus;
Murders dragged out and murders in haste;
Murders of language and murders of taste;
Murders pretentious, pompous, bombastic;
Murders hilarious, gauche, fantastic;
Murders of low notes; murders of high;
Murders so many I'm wondering why
Sadists take trouble to go to trials,
It's so much easier twisting dials!

—DAL DEVENING



"I've been accused of avoiding the issue."

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S LIFE IS NO SNAP

"WELL, did you get the photos for tomorrow's edition?"

"Yeah. Here they are, boss."

"H'm, who is this guy with the hat over his face?"

"Oh, him? That's Killer Joe Johnson on his way to jail."

"Swell! That's a corking shot. Nobody will ever recognize this one. Who's the dame with the handkerchief over her eyes?"

"That's Garbo, ducking into her hotel."

"Great! If it were blurred a little more, it would be almost perfect!"

"I know boss, but my camera's new."

"Hey! What the devil do you call this? Here's Huey Long with his whole face showing as plain as day!"

"I know it, boss. I'm sorry."

"What do you mean, you're sorry? There's no excuse for this kind of work."

"Well, boss, I tried to get him to hold a newspaper over his face, but the guy was positively brazen."

"Humph! All right. I'll let it go this time, but if it happens once more, you can start looking for another job!"

—SNYDER WEDLOCK



HISTORY has every right to repeat itself but it would be more sporting if it allowed a decent lapse between its return engagements. It is a shock to read a book such as *The Road to War* by Walter Millis and realize that the symptoms which were present before our entrance into the World War are with us again in aggravated form. In the face of what seems to be a complete repudiation of war by ministers of the gospels of all faiths, it is disconcerting to read of a parade of armed forces in New York City operating under auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It reminds us too horribly of the frenzy into which the churches were thrown in the last World Massacre, with the pastors urging their flocks to new heights of savagery.

With fascination we can sit back objectively and watch ourselves being drawn toward our doom. If these words had been written prior to 1914, they could be dismissed as the flowery periods of an overwrought mind. The memoirs of pre-war statesmen possess one characteristic in common: The terrible realization that the disaster they had always anticipated (but in an academic way) was now upon them, brought about partially by their own ineptitudes but in reality an inevitable result of imperialistic policy. Historians who debate about what might have been done at 11:15 on the morning of July 14, 1914, are only quibbling with fate. As we see now, with armaments mounting to monumental proportions on all sides, wars are caused by forces and not by men. The wars of the last hundred years, if not all wars, were brought about by economic reasons. Anyone who thinks Mussolini is in Ethi-

opia to defend the honor of Italy, will kindly stand up and be laughed at. Anyone who believes that Japan is overrunning China because of its love for the Chinese will keep such nonsense to himself. If Hitler goes to war it will be because of a desperate inner economic situation which he seeks to hide by stirring the people to hatred of other nations. No Fascist dictator wants war because defeat means the end of his rule.

Can America keep out of another world war? We keep hammering at the

idea. Unless it is settled we may as well forget our other fond little plans for the future. Mr. Millis, in his book, infers that a different policy by President Wilson, less stupidity by Colonel House and less English bootlicking by Mr. Page, our Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, might have altered the situation. We venture to disagree. Mr. Millis ignores the financial tie-up of America with the Allies. We feel it was all important. We feel further that the only hope for peace, the only hope for life itself is the overthrow of the saber-rattling fascist-imperialistic powers of the world. It is a matter, literally, of life and death.

—K. S. C.

We understand the split-skirt is back, and after listening to a politician's speech we've decided that the split-infinitive is also back.



Women and Children First.

When she has
90 Horsepower
to drive
...protect her with
"Blowout-Proof" Generals

The greatest value that can be built into a tire is HUMAN MILEAGE—extra quality that makes the tire itself last longer and extra safety that makes you last longer too. That's what we mean by HUMAN MILEAGE. Only in the General Tire are all of these protective features present.

BLOWOUT-PROOF PROTECTION

SKID-SAFE TRACTION

LOW PRESSURE COMFORT

SHOCKLESS RIDING

TENSION-FREE DRIVING

The GENERAL Dual 8

THE "BLOWOUT-PROOF" TIRE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. T. M. 1935



GOING TO THE MOVIES

WITH

DON HEROLD

(Pictures marked* not for children)

Printing Press Pictures

THE trouble with motion pictures is, too many people go to them. This results in a sort of production inflation. The companies have to put out pictures faster than they can think. There is no underlying golden contemplation behind them. Instead of creating a new picture, the cinemaflationists usually recombine two or three old pictures into a new one, retaining the sure-fire features of each. It is the sure-fire stuff that makes the pictures smell.

When you feel wonderful at a picture, you may be sure that the producers have gone straight to life for their material instead of back to other pictures. Producers do this accidentally, as a rule, not intentionally. Why should any producer (they reason) bring out a picture which hasn't made money before?

Even though you may be a fairly dense picturegoer, you unconsciously sense it when you are being fed rehash, and you do not have that inner whoop of joy and approbation which you feel when you are seeing something brand new.

It is the pioneer pictures which make the biggest clean-ups, but ninety producers out of a hundred avoid pioneering like poison. They would rather play safe and lose money. I have an idea that most of the really fine, original, first-time pictures are put over on the boss against his best judgment or when he is away on a trip.

Our Little Girl

A TYPICAL printing press picture this past month was Shirley Temple's *Our Little Girl*. This was run off without an ounce of original collateral thought behind it. In other words, it was about a quarter of a million dollars' worth of duplication of old stuff, worth about three cents on the dollar.

And this brings us to another reason for motion picture inflation: you have a money-making star, and you have to have a story for her whether you have a story for her or not. *Our Little Girl* shrieks with Shirley Temple clichés. Daddy is so busy looking in microscopes and going to see sick people, that he has, as usual, no time for his family. (What do women expect when they marry doctors?) Just as daddy sits down to a dinner party, the phone always rings. "It's an emergency case, Doctor." So mommee goes horseback riding with one of those moving picture homebreakers, as usual. And, as usual, riding breeches lead to a family breach. There is, as usual, daddy's nurse (sometimes it is his secretary) who is sympathetic with his work and who looks at him with moon-eye love in her eyes. But Shirley, as usual, brings daddy and mommee together again. "I want us all together," she says. There are the usual 30 or 40 shots of Shirley in bed. There are Shirley hugs by the hundred, to a point of embarrassment.

Is Shirley Temple cracking up?

At any rate, she is allowed to mug too much in this film.

And I used to love children!

Public Hero No. 1*

THE munition companies won't need another war to bring them prosperity, if Hollywood keeps on shooting these Department of Justice pictures.

Hollywood sign painters can now paint "Department of Justice" on

an office door with their eyes shut. They probably have a stencil for it by now. Well, it's not the first time a stencil has been used in Hollywood.

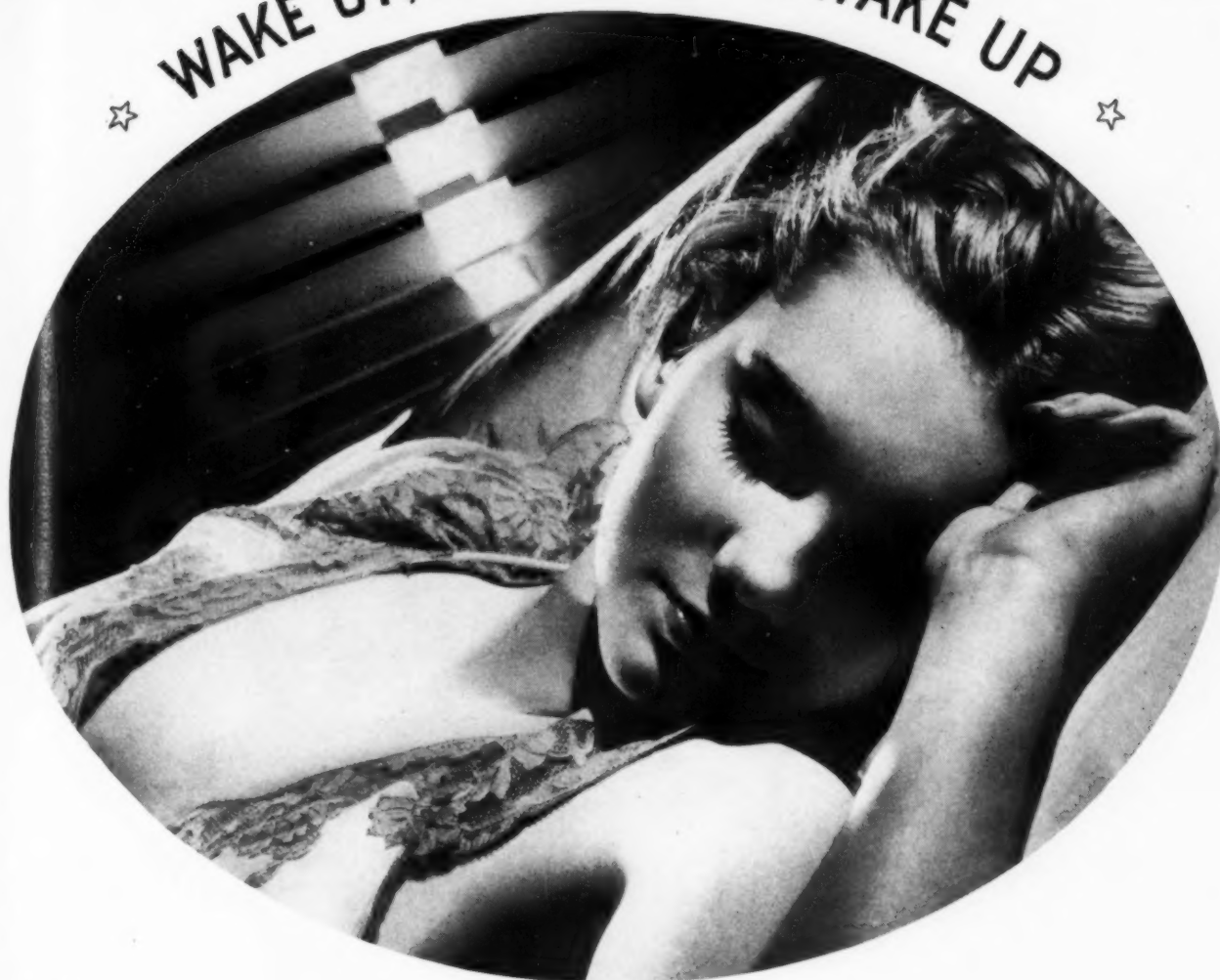
Public Hero No. 1 is not entirely a new pattern, but it has plenty of rat-a-tat-tat to take your mind off the repetitions. Chester Morris, as a G-man, hunts a gangster (Joseph Calleia, swell) and falls in love with his sister. (A printing press situation, but the firecrackers make you overlook it.) Lionel Barrymore is superb as a souse-medico who takes the bullets out of the gangies when they stagger home.

(Continued on page 43)



"Hello,
Honey! How
about dinner
in Chinatown?"

WAKE UP, LITTLE GIRL ... WAKE UP



TODAY IS YOUR WONDERFUL DAY

A CANTER with that nice Princeton boy over the Westchester hills, green and misty ... luncheon at the Ritz with Paul and Frank and Leila ... to the matinee with Jud ... then in Charlie's plane to New Haven and that wonderful party where your partner will be a real prince ... What a lucky girl you are to be so popular! What's that you say ... it's not all luck? A little forethought and common sense mixed in, you maintain ... How right you are, little Miss Charming.

* * *

A girl may be pretty and witty and appealing, but unless her

breath is beyond reproach she gets nowhere. After all, halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. The sought-after woman ... the popular man ... realizes it, and takes sensible precaution against offending others. It's all so easy ... just a little Listerine morning and night and before engagements. That is your assurance that your breath is sweet, wholesome and agreeable. Listerine attacks fermentation, a major cause of odors in the mouth, then overcomes the odors themselves.

P. S. Do not make the mistake of assuming that you never have halitosis. Due to processes of fermentation that go on even in normal mouths, halitosis visits everyone at some time or other. *The insidious thing about it is that you never know when.*

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



BEFORE EVERY SOCIAL ENGAGEMENT USE LISTERINE ... DEODORIZES LONGER



Men Have Long Waited For This Day!

Up to this moment, mere man has had to put up with a woman's deodorant...or to do without any at all.

Now comes TOP-FLITE...the youngest scion of a distinguished line of toiletries for men...a deodorant as fine and cooling as powdered snow...an assurance of permanent bath-time freshness.

Don't neglect this deodorant question...or you'll find that others will neglect you when it comes to handing out invitations and contracts.

You'll find this extra touch of good grooming a delightful habit...thanks to this new product, created for men only and sold for 75c in stores or departments catering to men...together with TOP-FLITE Shaving Cream, TOP-FLITE Talc, TOP-FLITE Brushless Shave and TOP-FLITE Hair Dressing.

If you can't locate a dealer, send the coupon—and we'll supply you direct

CORCORAN, INC., 285 Madison Avenue, New York

Enclosed find \$_____ for which please send me DEODORANT_____ TALC_____ HAIR DRESSING_____ SHAVING CREAM_____ BRUSHLESS SHAVE_____ and the name of my nearest dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

LIFE'S GAME DEPARTMENT

AUGUST

"A Paper to Make You Think."

1935

ARE YOU SURE?

Take a pencil and check one of the suggested answers in each of the questions below. Your score in the Fifties is Fair... Seventies, Good... Eighties, Excellent.

1. A fish never closes its eyes because it:
can't sleep fears being stepped on
is always hungry has no eyelids

2. In only one of these sentences has the word "filigree" not been abused:

"I just ate some cheese; I wonder filigree with me?"

The guide was a swarthy young Filigree.

The decorator insisted upon filigree work.

"She's the most famous filigree cook in town."

3. If you insisted upon being hit in the face with an oleaginous substance, one of these would do:

brick custard pie soft tar
rotten apple pillow cream puff

4. Only one of these would look shipshape flying from your yacht:

kayak fo'c's'l burgee owl
binnacle step-ins yawl kudos mainsheet

5. One of these is not a continent:

Greenland Africa Antarctica
North America South America Australia

6. There is a "palindrome" here:

bicycle stadium Hannab David hymn
blimp bangar disease cattle stampede

7. If you "Ask The Man Who Owns One" he will own a:

Lincoln Hodgson House Franklin Dodge
Packard Barrett Roof Steinway mortgage

8. The word "mufti" means:

lady's fur handpiece Arabian ox
civilian dress for officer Indian ball game

9. A bird that could wade in your bathtub with the greatest of ease is:

postern cistern bittern brether'n
poltroon yucca palooka gnu

10. One of these colleges is not located in Ohio:

Antioch Western Reserve Denison
Marietta Vanderbilt Oberlin Miami

11. Those little lace things that are put on the backs of chairs are called:

thingamajigs doo-dads watchbees
antimacassars cassocks bassocks

12. One of these words is correctly spelled:

enunciation intelligible mahogany
significance withhold pompodour soliloquy

13. The next line following "Blessings on thee, little man," is:

"With jelly on thy tiny pan."

"Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan."

"Ragged, unkempt child of the clan."

"List ye to an also-ran."

14. The words "E Pluribus Unum" on American coins mean:

"Liberty, Justice, Equality."

"United We Stand" "One too Many"

"One Out of Many" "Hold Me Tight"

15. If someone remarked that he thought jodhpurs were rapidly disappearing, you could sanely say:

"But they're such cute little animals!"

"Why can't they dig them deeper or something?"

"Well, I shall continue to wear them!"

"Oh, they're always changing underwear styles!"

16. Members of the famous Caterpillar Club achieve membership by:

Helping a caterpillar across the road.

Winning the Cleveland tractor marathon.

Parachuting to safety from an airplane.

Having Mrs. Roosevelt stay in their guest room.

17. One of these dates is within 10 years of the composition of "The Star Spangled Banner."

1892 1776 1786 1823 1790 1832

18. You should stand correction if you don't pronounce "Caribbean":

Ca-RIB-ean Ca-rib-BE-an Carib-be-ANN

19. A cheetah is:

dishonest card player wood owl
hunting leopard loin cloth log drum

20. Oil burning American liners are required to carry sand:

to season passengers' spinach
to lubricate bearings in case of fire

to fill children's playboxes

21. One of these is a false statement:

Most women's coats have the buttons on the left.

Grover Cleveland was married in the White House.

The London Herald has the world's largest circulation.

Brigadier Generals rank higher than Major Generals.

22. Katherine Rawls is a name you should immediately associate with:

Vitamin D Hull House Swimming

Cold Cream Advice to Lovelorn

Birth Control type of racing boat

23. The last state to join the Union was:

Arizona Utah Nevada New Mexico
Oklahoma Montana Virginia Idaho

24. "F.O.B." stands for:

"Farewell, Old Boy!" Fond Of Bouncing

Freight On Board Florida Or Bust

Feeble Old Battery Fenders off Body

25. Most sponges are obtained from:

cocktail bars mines trees the sea

sheep sows' ears bakeries

restaurant steaks fraternity houses

26. If you were arrested on a charge of necromancy you would be hailed into court for:

public love-making gambling

practicing magic dodging a summons

27. "The Light That Never Fails" is the slogan of:

Ronson Cigarette lighters Mazda lamps

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

Diamond Match Company Salvation Army

28. Painted advertising clocks outside of jewelry stores usually have their hands stopped at twenty minutes past eight because:

It was the hour of the Armistice signing.

The jeweler wants room for advertising at the top.

Lincoln was shot at that time.

Jewelry stores always open at that hour.

29. The Nickel Plate railroad's real name is:

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Pennsylvania

Missouri & Southern Southern Pacific

New York, Chicago & St. Louis

N. Y. Central

30. An enigmatic person is one who is:

listless disgusted puzzling

didactic persistent energetic

31. Next time you need not be embarrassed if you pronounce "heinous":

by-EEN-us HAY-nus HIGH-nus

HEEN-nus

32. "Canapés" are ordinarily found:

in rotten tree trunks over beds

at cocktail parties on tin cans

in cages under Pullman berths

33. If a friend, pointing to money in your hand, remarked on the Eagle he would be referring to a:

10 dollar bill 20 dollar goldpiece

10 dollar goldpiece 100 dollar bill

34. The most essential food to the greatest number of people in the world is:

baloney Wheaties Jello barley

rice wheat vodka corn caviar

(Continued on page 30)

LIFE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

[SEE PAGE 30 FOR NEW CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT]

HORIZONTAL

1. Legendary man-eaters.
6. On the spur of the moment.
14. Oh, dry up.
19. The burden of commerce.
21. Something dreadful.
22. It's supposed to leave things flat.
23. Hard.
25. Abbreviated date.
26. It's wild and pig-headed.
27. A team with plenty of pull.
28. What goes up the chimney.
29. The final sentence.
30. Conservative's position in brief.
31. Seven great sources of water.
33. Preferred square when it comes round.
35. Strongly inclined.
37. They're always a gamble.
39. Cut off.
41. Catch as catch can.
42. Break down.
43. One who wastes away.
45. The first whistle.
47. A bad deal.
48. Ancient learning.
50. What cubs after widter.
52. This is pretty sure to work.
54. Every one.
56. Everybody.
58. Most people fall into it agreeably.
59. A halter.
60. A husband for ewe.

61. You weaken on this.
65. It rules the waves (abbr.).
67. These will happen.
72. A constant reader.
73. Bound to be right.
74. Urns.
76. A bunch of play-boys.
77. Pass out.
78. A division in the court.
79. Falls for every man before dinner.
80. Ladies' aids.
81. The old part of Ireland.
83. A draw-back.
85. Corrupter of youth.
86. Kind of resistance to orders.
88. A politician (see contest, page 30).
89. Conventional lyrics.
91. An act of faith.
93. Excuse, Please.
95. Wet spots.
96. A back bender.
98. A funny little sketch.
99. Township (abbr.).
100. Puts back again.
102. It will never be a hit.
103. Dried up.
105. Thin pieces.
107. These break up the show.
108. You'll be sorry for this.
109. A jump ahead of a boulder.
111. Get about.
113. A mis-step.
114. Mistake.
115. A ground of contention.
116. Things to tell.

118. Indicating previous employment.
119. Energy.
121. Confuses.
124. A moral lesson.
126. A bender.
128. Comes before fall.
130. Kind of wet fighter.
132. A seasoned seafarer.
133. Wool gatherers.
134. It can't be improved.
136. Large continent (abbr.).
138. Favored.
140. Marks of trade.
142. A parlor trick.
143. A short way.
144. It's free from everything.
146. In public it's held in check.
148. Change for the worse.
149. Drunk.
151. Concerning.
153. This comes with the bill.
154. A dead pan expert.
157. Not tied down.
159. It's lacking in refinement.
161. That's telling them.
163. A matter of course.
165. Bestow.
166. Carries on.
168. Loose.
169. These sometimes lead to riches.
170. A good turner.
172. Not so much.
174. Patches and pieces.
175. These stand back of the principal.
177. Blue eagle authority (see contest, page 30).
179. One of the accessories.
181. A bunch of the girls.
182. A character you always admire.
183. It's slick.
185. Care for.
186. Very striking.
189. A toss-up.
190. Locate.
192. It makes a grand story.
195. Usually considered a frozen asset.
196. Send away.
198. A watering place.
201. Delays.
204. The sore point.
205. Makes an approach.
207. A singular idea.
208. Public letter carriers.
210. You'll get it in the neck.
211. Steps.
213. Smite is right.
214. Stick with us.
215. They get all wound up.
216. Troubles.
217. These start with French dressing.
218. An attraction of hunting.
219. Counters.

6. Worshipped in vain.
7. Associate.
8. An indication of what's ahead.
9. Revenues.
10. A born treasurer.
11. Moves.
12. Always in addition.
13. Until.
14. More truth than poetry.
15. A bustle.
16. The end of all animals.
17. Good for company.
18. It follows the hips.
19. Tight.
20. Poetically ascribed to God.
23. One who sums up.
24. To worry.
32. Past time.
34. You do this on approval.
36. Professional behavior.
38. Let down.
40. A bow.
42. Spring.
43. Accompanies ladies and music.
44. It gets plastered in the house.
46. The oldest member.
49. An authorized search party.
51. An observance of ceremony.
53. Craft.
55. A word for central.
57. Doggy events.
60. Comments.
61. It isn't safe anywhere.
62. A very original woman.
63. Two make a quarter.
64. Do up.
65. Measure to a certain extent.
66. A fabulous story teller.
68. They're never whole.
69. A straight drink.
70. It's a big joke.
71. Recurrent rests.
74. Openings.
75. Just desserts for children.
79. What a mattress rests on.
80. The poets' favorite bank.
82. Act of restraint.
84. Shame on you.
87. Back up.
88. Lags.
90. Covers.
92. A kitchen commotion.
94. A valuable irritation.
97. Mouthy.
99. Not so hot.
101. The second team.
102. Something in the earthy vein.
104. Can be taken in comfort.
106. Opposed to the military.
108. Attitudes.
109. A radio comedian (see contest, page 30).
110. What the losses add up to.
112. The reward of virtue.
114. Black.
116. Gate receipt.
117. Seeded.
120. Animal food.
122. What goes on outside.
123. A comforter.
125. Conquer.
127. Good exercise.
128. Another radio comedian (see contest, page 30).

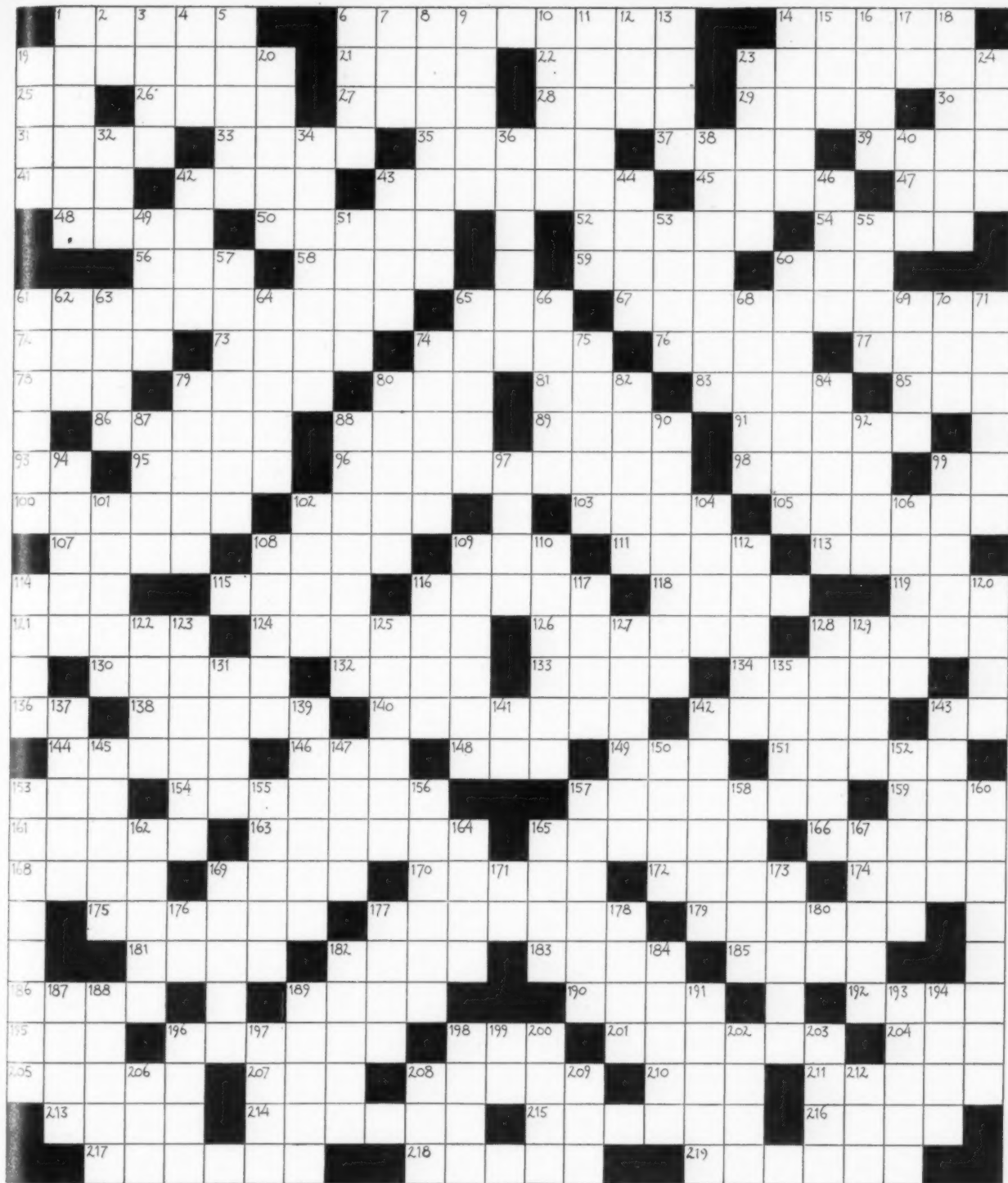
JULY SOLUTION

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T	A	S	T	E		S	T	R	U	M	S		E	G	O	I	S	T		S	A

VERTICAL

1. A trying experience.
2. Germs all begin this way.
3. One of these gave Eve a start.
4. The personal element.
5. It's just disgraceful.

Life



- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 129. The price you must pay. | 153. A priest (see next page). | 173. Hard part of a bridge. | 194. Annoys. |
| 131. There's nothing to it. | 155. Backs. | 176. Half of a pair. | 196. Take a look. |
| 135. A student pilot's control. | 156. A recourse. | 177. It's a funny idea. | 197. A little hole in one. |
| 137. Squirrel food. | 157. They keep things moving. | 178. Little snorts. | 198. Right-minded. |
| 139. These are binding. | 158. Laden. | 180. Of indefinite use. | 199. The loose type. |
| 141. Walk out. | 160. Essential to perfume. | 182. Turkish delight. | 200. Beside. |
| 142. Made explicit. | 162. A 20-cent steak. | 184. A good rule to follow. | 202. For fear. |
| 143. Cast about. | 164. Nature's yes-man. | 187. Welcome faces. | 203. Noted for beautiful necking. |
| 145. Burdens. | 165. A collector housewives hate. | 188. Stickers. | 206. A squealer. |
| 147. Little creatures of the hills. | 167. Not to the point. | 189. These do come to the point. | 208. In the center of things. |
| 150. It doesn't quite come round. | 169. Let up. | 191. On the back of heads. | 209. A sly looker. |
| 152. Most unusual. | 171. In place. | 193. Little remedies. | 212. To the rescue. |

ARE YOU SURE?

(Continued from page 27)

35. Roosevelt is the . . . President of the United States:
28th 41st → 32nd 30th 29th 25th
36. One of these words is misspelled:
iridescent discernible cordoroy
jeopardize malleable chloroform
37. According to the 1930 census, one of these states has the largest number of cities with a population over 100,000:
Ohio Pennsylvania New York Illinois
Massachusetts Indiana California Iowa
38. "Knee-Action" is to General Motors as "Floating Power" is to:
Goodyear Ivory Soap → Chrysler Nash
Jantzen Swim Suits Bremen
39. If you were suddenly frightened by a blue ribbon you might dream that night of:
Dr. Lyon's tooth powder
20th Century Limited → Pabst beer
I.M.M. Perfect Circle Piston Rings
40. There is only one true statement here:
The Pennsylvania is the longest r.r. system in the U. S.
"The" is the most commonly used word in phoning.
Illinois is a part of the original 13 states.
The Eiffel Tower is one of the 7 wonders of the world.

41. That Alaskan valley where those colonists are starting farm life anew is spelled:
Mantenska Matanaska Mantannaska
42. Persons ill with psitticosis do not feel kindly disposed towards:
World Almanacs straight back chairs
lambs duck eggs → parrots
43. The distance from Paris to London is approximately the same as the distance from:
→ New York to Boston
Chicago to New York
Toledo to Denver
San Francisco to Los Angeles

CROSSWORD CONTEST WINNER!

THE winner of the Panama Pacific cruise in the recent crossword puzzle contest is Mr. Ernest J. Wakefield of Kensington, Md. Mr. Wakefield, according to his own admission, has been employed as a highway engineer since 1918, is married and has two children. His reply to our telegram of congratulation will be found on page 48.

The Editors desire to take this opportunity to thank the thousands of contestants who entered the contest, and to wish them better luck in the new contest announced below.

44. Nobel, the donor of the famous peace prize, made his fortune in:
explosives matches gold mines

45. "The Fourth Estate" comprises:
the Capitalists the Architects
the Press the Communists the People

46. In one of these sentences, the word "pica" is correctly used:
"If you quit now you'll be a pica!"
He landed a nice, seven pound pica.
"Set the copy 13 picas wide."
He suffered a lateral sprain of the pica.

47. One of these is the smallest:
microbe hotel towel → electron
banker's heart atom molecule

48. Scientists say that one of the following is cooling off:
North Pole Mae West sun
Brain Trust Gulf Stream earth
moon Hearst

49. If you were President of U. S. Steel and wanted a photograph of your main plant you would turn to:
Rusty Callow Robert T. Jones
Joseph Stalin Margaret Bourke-White
Margaret Fishback

50. Girls who feel themselves to be sophisticated are, according to the dictionary:
→ superior blasé clever artificial
illiterate stupid sexy

- Number of correct answers.....
Multiply by two for score.....
(Answers on page 45)

NEW CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT



LIFE wants to find Public Nuisance No. 1 and will reward its readers with a transcontinental air trip and cash for nominating him.

In the crossword puzzle on the preceding page are the last names of five persons prominent in public life who may or may not be considered Public Nuisances. All you have to do is solve the puzzle, choose the name of the person you think represents Public Nuisance No. 1, write on the ballot below, in 20 words or less, your reason for the nomination, tear out this page with the ballot (and the crossword on the reverse side) completely filled in and mail to the Public Nuisance Editor, care of LIFE.

A round trip on the United Air Lines, coast to coast, from the nearest United Air Lines depot, with stop-over privileges, will be awarded for the cleverest

nomination. The second prize will be \$50.00 in cash. Five other prizes of \$10.00 each will be paid to runners-up.

Readers who do not care to solve the crossword puzzle may choose any Public Nuisance whose name may or may not be contained in the puzzle, fill in the ballot and mail it separately, without the puzzle diagram. These nominations, however, are eligible only for one of the \$10.00 prizes. To be eligible for the United Air Line trip, contestants must solve the crossword puzzle and mail it together with a ballot.

General Conditions

The air trip will be awarded to the person who furnishes the nearest correct solution of the crossword puzzle and who, in the opinion of the judges, writes the cleverest sentence of 20 words or less conveying his or her reason for nominating, as Public Nuisance No. 1, one of five persons included in the crossword puzzle. The words printed on the ballot: "I nominate as

Public Nuisance No. 1 because" will not be considered as part of the 20-word limit.

The \$50.00 second prize will be awarded to the runner-up. The five \$10.00 awards will be reserved for consolation prizes and/or for contestants who nominate Public Nuisances not necessarily defined in the crossword puzzle.

Elaborateness or neatness of the puzzle diagrams and ballots will not count. Legibility, however, is essential. There is no limit to the number of entries each contestant may submit, but each nomination must be made on a ballot or a facsimile of the ballot, and each ballot must be accompanied by a completed puzzle or facsimile thereof. When the contestant is competing for a \$10.00 prize only and nominates a Public Nuisance without the aid of the puzzle, no puzzle diagram is necessary, and in this case the submission of the completed puzzle will not count.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges and their decisions will be final. In the event of a tie, each tying contestant will receive the full award.

Entries must be addressed to the Public Nuisance Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mailed to reach this office not later than August 20th. The prizes will be awarded to the winners on or about September 1st and their names will be announced in the October issue of LIFE, on the newsstands September 20th.

The contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers of LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff and their families are barred from competition.

FOR PUBLIC NUISANCE NO. 1

"I nominate as Public Nuisance No. 1 because

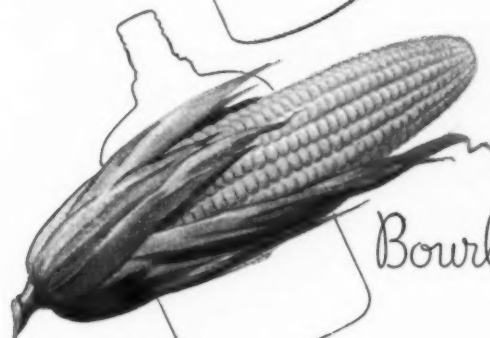
.....

Name..... Address.....

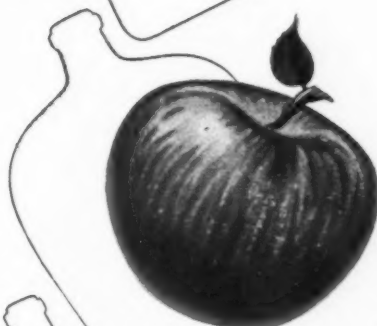
It
points up
a good
taste



Rye or Scotch



Bourbon



Applejack



Brandy



White Rock treats fine old flavors tenderly. It points up their good points. Doesn't bury them. It respects old age. It's better for your spirits, better for you.

OVER ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED



COOL AS A MINT JULEP

Hot and sticky under the collar? Throat dry as dust? The perfect time to try a pack of KOOLS! They're mildly mentholated; puff and enjoy that refreshing coolness. The fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved: draw deep and enjoy that choice tobacco blend. Cork-tipped—better for lips. And each pack carries a B & W coupon. Valuable: you get some swell premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only; write for illustrated premium booklet.) Give your throat a vacation, with KOOLS!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME PREMIUMS



RALEIGH CIGARETTES... NOW AT POPULAR
PRICES... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

SPORTS PARADE

BY PAUL GALLICO

La Boxe



and his chances, I wrote—"He is a slow-motion fighter who doesn't hit hard enough to damage Baer and who has no more business fighting him than Shirley Temple has, and who will do about as well."

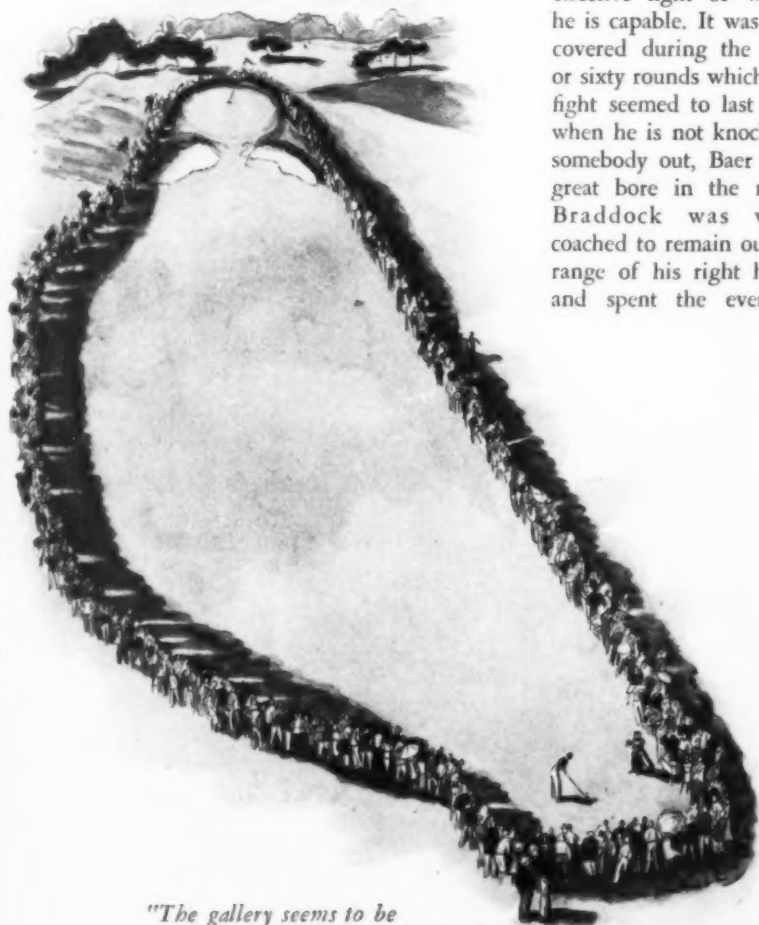
I find now that I did considerable injustice to Mr. Braddock but even more to Miss Temple. After having watched Baer struggle through fifteen rounds of the worst heavyweight championship prizefight anyone ever saw I have come to the conclusion that Shirley would have knocked him out in three rounds, which is considerably better than Braddock did. However,

LOOKING back over a "Stop and Go" comment some little while back, I note that in describing the new heavyweight champion, James J. Braddock,

Braddock did defeat Baer in fifteen rounds of living statues which was sufficient miracle to turn all of us dopes who predicted that the champion could not lose and that Braddock was a bum, a soft touch and a pushover, a lovely shade of scarlet.

When it was all over Mr. Braddock revealed that he owed it all to Kelpamalt, a new preparation which apparently was to the then challenger what spinach is to Popeye. This was in itself a radical departure and as sensational almost as the victory of an eight to one underdog. Mr. Dempsey always scored his success on Nuxated Iron. Ever since I was slapped down by a taxi driver half my size I have been taking Nuxated Iron, and it is going to be hard to switch to Kelpamalt. Up to the time of laughing our way to press (the stuff in this book panics us, even in proof) it has not yet been determined what Baer took to cause him to turn in an inept, lack-will, floundering, smart alec, series of plastic poses in

place of the rough and effective fight of which he is capable. It was discovered during the fifty or sixty rounds which the fight seemed to last that when he is not knocking somebody out, Baer is a great bore in the ring. Braddock was well coached to remain out of range of his right hand and spent the evening



"The gallery seems to be catching on to Donovan's book."



Kentucky *discovered* Crab Orchard first—now this straight bourbon whiskey is known from coast to coast! . .

LONG AGO, Crab Orchard whiskey enjoyed a local but enthusiastic fame in the Blue Grass country.

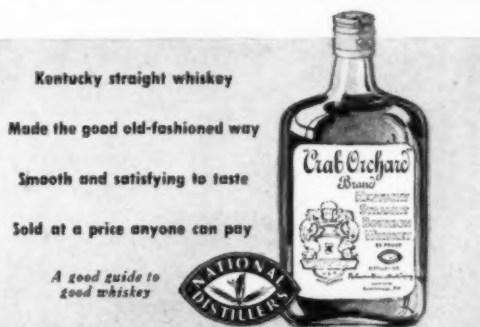
But two generations passed before the straight bourbon whiskey bottled and labeled under the Crab Orchard brand gained nationwide popularity almost overnight.

Amid the confusion of repeal, people found it lived up to their idea of a Kentucky whiskey—that it was rich and mellow,

as only a whiskey distilled the slow, old-fashioned way can be—that it was straight as a string—and *cost surprisingly little*.

Good news spreads fast. One man told another—and another—and another—until this once-local favorite has become America's fastest-selling straight whiskey!

Your taste will tell you the secret of its popularity. You'll find it amazingly ripe and mellow—and attractively low in price.



Savory dishes and a noble whiskey made the old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel the mecca of all the Blue Grass country sixty years ago

Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

© 1935
The American Medicinal Spirits
Corporation, Louisville, Ky.





**SEÑOR, IT'S A
NEW-FASHIONED
OLD-FASHIONED,
MADE WITH**

BACARDI

Avoid substitutes. See the bottle

1 cube Sugar; add two dashes of Angostura Bitters; dissolve in 2 teaspoons of water; add 1 jigger of Bacardi, Gold Seal. Serve in an old-fashioned glass with ice, dress with fruit and mint.

Think of the surprise, Señor, when they taste it! You come out with what looks like an ordinary old-fashioned cocktail. Same glass, same fruits, same color. One sip, and the eyes of your guests open with amazement. Another, and they shout, "Bravo!" Because, Señor, it is truly glorious, this old-fashioned cocktail made with Bacardi.



**Schenley
IMPORT**

ABI-49

Copr., 1935, Schenley Import Corp.,
sole importer for U. S. for Compania
Ron Bacardi, S. A.

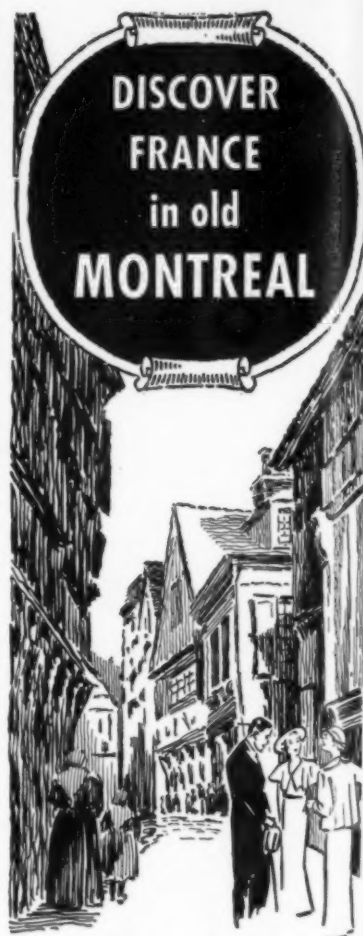
sticking his own left into Baer's face. This is not the most exciting gesture in the world. Along towards the tenth round Baer seemed to be suffering from bruised hands and acute ennui. He was apparently finding Braddock stupid company and seemed to be looking out into the audience to see if he could pick up Hal Sims and Grant Rice for a bridge game. There were forty thousand odd in the Garden Bowl, many of whom had paid twenty dollars a copy for a gold backed ticket. The bout lacking even the entertainment value of a sidewalk peddler demonstrating the Little Giant combination kitchen utensil, the customers had to take their thrill from the fact that the heavyweight champion of the world, the man who had killed a man with his gloved fist and knocked out Max Schmeling and Primo Carnera, was losing his title to a third rater without even putting up a fight for it, and that a ten to one shot, who the year before had been on relief and a washed-up heavyweight, had suddenly become the champion fighter of all the world.

Close One

AT the Olympic Games in Los Angeles, California's Golden Bears beat out the Italian eight-oared crew by the thickness of the paint on the bow of their shell. It was just about that close at Poughkeepsie last month when, in gray, stormy twilight, it took the judges ten minutes after the finish of the Varsity race to decide that California had defeated Cornell by some atomic contest of a second. Washington was third and Navy fourth which disappointed me. At the start, Columbia leaped into last place, and battled grimly to hold it from the referee's boat all the way down the course.

Junk Pile

THE result of the great 500-mile automobile race at Indianapolis was something of a shock to the industry which makes the affair a sort of an annual experimental laboratory. It was won in record time by a Californian with the exciting name of Kelly Petillo. He explained when it was over that kids back in school couldn't pronounce his first name so they made it Kelly, but he was all Italian. The best brains of the automotive industry had cars entered in the race, but Kelly Petillo, who used to drive his father's greens and vegetables truck on the coast, built his own car apparently out of abandoned flotsam



● Quaint, old-world Montreal is the world's second largest French-speaking city

Discover Comfort at the Mount Royal

MONTREAL means MOUNT ROYAL, and the Mount Royal Hotel means home to visitors who appreciate fine living.

You're right in the middle of things at the Mount Royal, for life in Montreal revolves around this centre of gracious living. Big airy rooms, the finest foods... deftly prepared in French, English and American styles... and the best of entertainment make the Mount Royal THE hotel value of Montreal.

250 Single Rooms with Bath . \$3 up
250 Double Rooms with Bath . \$5 up
100 Suites \$8 up

J. ALDERIC RAYMOND *President*
VERNON G. CARDY *Managing Director*

Mount Royal
HOTEL

from auto graveyards, pieces of cracked-up aeroplanes, old alarm clocks, mouse traps, parts of abandoned sewing machines, flour sifters and scrap iron, a discarded egg beater and a pair of his little sister's snap garters. All, or most of the other cars did very well and went thundering and snorting and roaring around the track, but Petillo and his travelling junk pile set a new record and won the race and the \$30,000. Two men died in a crash. But because of that the car you will buy next year and the year after will be a lot safer for you and your family. That's what the race is for.

Four-Minute Mile

LAST year at Princeton's annual Class Day Invitation track meet Glenn Cunningham, with only Bill Bonthron and Gene Venzke to chase him home, ran a mile in the world's record time of 4:06.7 and for 364 days thereafter there was considerable paper covered with loose talk about the possibility of the four-minute mile, and 4:04 was confidently predicted when the Princeton Athletic Association imported Black Jack Lovelock, the London medical student, to stimulate Mr. Cunningham to still greater efforts.

On the 365th day, however, the day of the Great Mile at Princeton, June 15 last, to be exact, the expert paper was worth exactly as much as that on which were written my solemn promises that Baer would knock Braddock out in three rounds. Because Lovelock gave Cunningham a fine trimming, Bonthron beat him out for second place with a finishing sprint, and the time for the mile was 4:11 and something. Black Jack, who is a New Zealander and derives his name from the jet black track suit that he wears, far from stimulating our Mr. Cunningham, squelched him. If it amuses you to talk about the four-minute mile, go right on ahead.

(Other notes on pages 2 and 38)



Don't let Summer Sun and Water ruin your HAIR!



In Summer your HAIR demands special care—Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout

IT'S easy to see why Summer's so harmful to hair... When every day, the sun burns and bleaches it... And every day, the necessary oils get flushed away by shower, pool or surf. No wonder it gets dry, feels harsh, looks badly.

Give your hair the care it needs—Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout. Use Vitalis freely. Use it often. Rub it in hard... And watch your hair take on new vitality. New circulation starts. The pure vegetable oils of Vitalis replenish the lost natural oils. Loose dandruff is defeated... you're giving your hair a chance.

Brush your hair—and look at it. It looks healthy. No "patent-leather" shine to it. Just a good-looking, natural lustre. Buy Vitalis today at your druggist's.



ASK YOUR BARBER—He's an expert on scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice.

VITALIS

KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life—has a chance.

10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with none of that unnatural "patent-leather" look.



The Esk'mos think those physics best
Which taste and smell the awfulest.
But why be like the Esk'mo pray?
When there's the Ex-Lax "chocolate" way.


When Nature forgoes—remember Ex-Lax,
The Original Chocolate Luxative



Stops "P.O."
(Pipe Odor)
PIPE SWEETENER 25¢

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
Drinkless KAYWOODIE

PROVED THE BEST SMOKING PIPE IN THE WORLD
KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.



NEXT MONTH:



"The American Scene" will
bring you "Pretzel Man,"
by James Chapin

QUEERESPONDENCE

WHILE research workers Nos. 1, 2, and 3 are wrestling with such problems as (1) why people shake gelatin desserts before eating same, (2) why there is never anything in boxes labeled "Take One" and (3) why clocks always strike the half-hour when you wake up in the middle of the night, I shall tackle a timely query submitted by Mr. Charles B. Campbell of Denver, Colo.

Mr. Campbell writes: "Did any one ever wear white shoes for more than 20 minutes without getting them soiled?"

This, as every wearer knows, is impossible unless he adopts the plan conceived by Mr. Don Elder of Ann Arbor, Mich., whose white shoes remained spotless once for nine hours but only because Mr. Elder slipped a pair of rubbers over them and wore the whole ensemble to bed. However, if an idea developed by Mr. Edwin Osgood of St. Johnsbury, Vt., becomes popular, it won't be long before "Smudjee" will be for sale at all cobbler shops that repair shoes "while you wait" . . . and wait.

The principle of "Smudjee" is so simple that it's practically asinine but there is no telling what notion the public will take up next. Look at jigsaws and chain letters (I have and I'm

sick of them). "Smudjee" is a mixture of talcum powder, soft coal, light machine oil and other ingredients known only to Mr. Osgood and a man named Julius who prepares the product. "Smudjee" is applied with a small piece of carbon paper and spots the shoes so thoroughly that the user need no longer beware of crowds, summer showers, bridge games or other white shoe anathemas. One application lasts a week and will not rub off; in fact, the only way a "Smudjee" user can make his shoes white again is to rip off the uppers and glue the soles to a new pair of sneakers. Mr. Osgood's slogan is: "Avoid substitutes—accept nothing that isn't Osgood."

Speaking of inventions, an unknown genius in Duluth last month found a way to eliminate the racket caused by coal as it slides down shutes or clatters into a furnace. He proposed to manufacture coal made of soft rubber. The anthracite interests found out about it and tried to have the inventor lynched, but the rope broke (no rope being stronger than its weakest lynch) and the unfortunate man was tired and fettered and ridden out of town on a railroad.

(Co-worker No. 1 reports no progress in his gelatin investigation and has gone out for a beer.)



"Look at the new tie the company gave me for my birthday."

MR. W. Carroll Barnett, Jr., of Big Spring, Texas, has been bothered for a long time by the question as to whether anybody ever paid any attention to signs in municipal zoos forbidding visitors to feed peanuts to the monkeys. He should have written in sooner; we could have eased his mind immediately with a word, the word being "no." One of my staff members recently visited a zoo to find out about this and so distracted other visitors that they stopped watching the monkeys and began to watch him. One even went so far as to throw him a peanut. Finally the investigator interviewed the zoo superintendent who told him that the "No Feeding" signs were as useless as "No Smoking" and "Keep Out! This Means You!"

"We don't expect visitors to act normal," the super said, "especially after they've watched the monkeys for half an hour. We're so accustomed to violations here that I'm always suspicious of anybody who obeys the admonitions. One day I stopped a man who was skulking around the monkey cage and I said to him, 'Look here, Jack,' I said, 'why aren't you feeding peanuts to the monkeys?' The guy hung his head and admitted that he didn't have any more peanuts. He had used them all up at the bear cage where a sign says not to feed the bears peanuts."

(Staff member No. 2 just gave up on the clock-striking-the-half-hour queery and has gone out for a beer.)

INFORMATION that answers a queery sent in a long time ago by Mr. John Humphrey of Burlington, Ia., has just come to light, it having been buried on my desk under a pile of bills my secretary finally got around to throwing into the Little Daisy Paper Converter. The queery: "Is there any breakfast food on the market that doesn't have a recipe for something printed on the side of the box?" The answer: There is one breakfast food, known as Crunchy Wunchies, that deserves a Foodlitzer prize for candor but which has never been a success because of it. Crunchy Wunchies are made of whole wheat, barley, rye, malt and rice, and the maker states on the box that "the addition of sliced bananas, peaches, or berries ruins the cereal; moreover they are not edible at all unless smothered with cream and sugar and swallowed practically whole." Only 17 boxes of Crunchy Wunchies were sold last year, and growing boys who were told that by

(Continued on page 44)

IN SINGAPORE

the next best thing to a cool cork helmet is a long, tall drink of

JOHNNIE WALKER

Red Label Scotch Whisky



IN THE TROPICS you'll find the Englishman sticking strictly to Johnnie Walker Red Label in a long, tall drink, more than likely.

In Cairo, Suez, Singapore, Hongkong — where the sun often beats down at 105° in the shade — they know there's nothing better than an inviting Johnnie Walker highball to bring comfort and coolness. It ranks with the white cotton suit and the cork helmet.

The next time you feel tired and hot, take a tip from the tropics. Mix yourself a long, frosty highball of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky. Sip it slowly . . . relax . . . and *feel* it refresh you. There's no better whisky under the sun than Scotch — and no better Scotch than Johnnie Walker.

**CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.,
NEW YORK, N. Y. Sole Distributors**

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still going strong



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"STOP & GO"

(Continued from page 2)

greatest gal swimmers and divers, clowns, high divers, water acts, speed races, swimming Decathlon for girls, a sixty-foot sea serpent and Johnny Weissmuller. If it serves to do nothing more than introduce you to the world's finest beach it will have been worth while.

Trotting Race. August 14, Goshen, N.Y. The annual rural carnival with trotting horses, pink lemonade, seer-sucker coats and refreshments served by the Ladies' Aid and the Baptist Church. Plenty of dust, excitement, and, by heck, a thrilling horserace around the mile track. All the city slickers go annually to be trimmed beautifully by the rube bookmakers. Don't miss it. A two hours' drive out of New York, up Route 17.

Golf. August 26 to August 31, Women's National Golf Championship, Interlachen Country Club, Minneapolis, Minn. The annual cat party of the top flight lady golfers. The trick is to get yourself turned into a very small mouse and hide in the locker room so that you can listen to them roast one another to a turn when day is done. A good show, and the new crop is getting prettier and prettier.

Tennis. August 16, Wightman Cup International team matches, Forest Hills, L.I. The English and American girls have it out on the grass courts. Helen Wills will be out to get revenge for being whopped in that tournament in England. Nice social party and the clubhouse bartender puts together a nice sloe gin rickey.

Tennis. August 28, Combined National Singles championships for men and women, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I. First time the two tournaments have been run as one, making it the greatest tennis show on earth. If Helen Wills Moody and Helen Jacobs should tangle there will be the first sell-out since the days of Bill Tilden.

BOOKS

Kyle Crichton

Tortilla Flat, by John Steinbeck (*Covici-Friede*). Cock-eyed antics of Danny, Pilon, Pablo and the other worthless Mexican gentlemen of Monterey, California. Very funny if you can forget that it probably can't be that funny.

The Russian Revolution, by Wm. H. Chamberlin (*Macmillan*). When he follows the ground laid out by Trotsky, he is superb. When he goes on his own, his prejudices show through too plainly. The best but far from perfect.

Ladies in the Parlor, by Jim Tully (*Greenberg*). Something awful about

the ladies of joy who work for the Rosenbloom establishment in Chicago. Even if broke, Jim shouldn't ought to have done it.

Kneel to the Rising Sun, by Erskine Caldwell (*Viking*). Seventeen stories about the South which knoweth not the honeysuckle. Great stuff.

Cat Across the Path, by Ruth Feiner. (*Lippincott*). The usual second-rate novel accompanied by the usual acclaim of the usual stupid English reviewers. Why doesn't that once powerful race lie down?

Grand Tour, by Patrick Balfour (*Harcourt*). Balfour has a sense of humor and doesn't take the dress-for-dinner-in-the-midst-of-the-jungle English too seriously. If it were all anecdotes, it would be perfect.

Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Societies, by Margaret Mead (*Morrow*). Don't let the title frighten you. Fact material showing that if we think we are because we think we are, we're apt to be wrong. Also a shock to the saps who contend human nature is human nature, here, today, tomorrow and forever after the same.

Catherine, the Portrait of an Empress, by Gina Kaus (*Viking*). It would be impossible to write a bad book on the old gal who ruled Russia and took them where she found them. This is a pretty good one. I have a few reservations but I'm difficult.

Redder Than the Rose, by Robert Forsythe (*Covici-Friede*). A gentleman looks at the cock-eyed world with amazement and a vitriolic pen. Also pretty funny. Also insulting to most of your choice prejudices.

Murder and Mystery

Mr. Pinkerton Grows a Beard, by David Frome (*Farrar and Rinehart*). **Murder of a Dead Man,** by Kurt Steel (*Bobbs-Merrill*). **The Case of the Blind Mouse,** by Martin Freeman (*Dutton*). **The Deadly Dowager,** by Edwin Greenwood (*Crime Club*). **The Communist's Corpse,** by Richard Wormser (*Smith and Haas*). **This is Murder,** by Charles J. Kenny (*Morrow*). **Vultures in the Sky,** by Todd Downing (*Crime Club*).

Mr. Fortune Objects, by H. C. Bailey (*Crime Club*). **The Beautiful Dericlect,** by Carolyn Wells (*Lippincott*). **The Murder of Miss Betty Sloan,** by Sidney Williams (*Appleton-Century*).

RECORDS

Chasing Shadows. Sweet tune taken for a jam session by Louis Prima and his New Orleans Gang on Brunswick. The more conservative will prefer Madriguera's on Victor, Connie Boswell's on Brunswick, or Henry King's on Columbia.

Commanderism. Neat fast and trick special dished out by Irving Aaronson's Commanders with a few different twists. Left-wingish. (*Columbia*)

Chant of the Jungle. Old movie tune made into the newest of the Casa Loma themes with variation, in robust style. (*Decca*)

Mad About the Boy. Coward's song and Noble's interpretation make a slam-bang combo even if its American release is way late. (*Victor*)

Mama Yo Quiero un Novio. One of the best of tangos, handled ably by Victor Young and band. (*Decca*)

Nothin' but the Blues. Just that. Gene Gifford, Glen Gray's arranger-composer, busts out with a band of his own. Loose and modern. (*Victor*)

Rigamarole. Adroit hot work by Willie Bryant and ork. Likewise a thing called **Apologies** from a new recording group under the guidance of one Mezz Mezzrow. (*Victor*)

The Shout. Art Tatum, the blind colored pianist, prints another unbelievable solo. (*Decca*) —J. A. T.

"GO" PLACES

(*Better Dress)

Château Richelieu. No music, but pretty close to the best, most reasonable food in town. 13 West 51st.

Central Park Casino. As close to the Bois de Boulogne restaurants as you'll find in this district. Leo Reisman's orchestra. *Central Park at 72nd East.*

Claremont. Choose a warm, starry night and you can't beat the sunken terrace garden, with Freddie Starr's band. *Riverside Drive at 124th.*

El Chico. Food, wines, decorations authentically Spanish. Colorful. Floor show. 80 Grove St.

Flying Trapeze. The city's most outlandish place. Twenty-five chefs, 100 canaries, a trapeze artist overhead, and an endless bar with bagatelle boards set into it—mostly in the open. 217 West 57th.

The Marguery. Doubly attractive with the new outdoor pavilion. A gay canopy overhead cooled by sprays. One of the finest cellars in town.* 270 Park Ave.

Rainbow Room and Grill. The Grill has just been opened as a little brother of the white tie Rainbow Room.* Ace composer Ray Noble's band in the Rainbow Room; Val Olman's music in the Grill. Both on the 65th floor with a view that can't be tied. *Rockefeller Center.*

Waldorf-Astoria. For a help to a brighter summer, the Starlight Roof, with Guy Lombardo and Xavier Cugat doing their smoothest.* *Park Ave. at 49th.* —I. D. T.

CONTENTS NOTED

BY KYLE CRICHTON



AS a social historian concerned with the politer virtues and major insanities of our period, I am continuously in the debt of Dr. Walter B. Pitkin. If I have mentioned the matter before it is because Dr. Pitkin's services have impressed themselves so indelibly upon me that I never feel I have fulfilled my obligation toward him completely. When we look with awe upon Herbert Hoover, J. P. Morgan and Mussolini, we tend to overlook their philosophical mentors. If Mussolini has clung to Pareto as the only literate being who will venture an intellectual defense of fascism, it is equally true that Dr. Pitkin is the sole support of that America which was thought to have sunk slowly into a bog between the two oceans in 1929.

You may recall the works of Orison Swett Marden, upon whose teachings I was being reared in the days when my father's shaving cup was prominently on display at Mr. Applegate's

barber shop and we were considered one of the better families of town. I may have Dr. Marden's name misspelled but I doubt it, because it was one of those tricky ones which never spelled as they pronounced and accordingly were studied with care by me as a form of self discipline. Dr. Marden

was one of the first lift-yourself-by-your-bootstraps boys. You can if you think you can. In fact—now that I think of it—that was the title of his most famous book. He gave examples of men who could by thinking they could. There must be something to it because I remember thinking that I could and here I am.

What is more interesting, however, is that Dr. Marden was surrounded by competition and Dr. Pitkin has none. The success of the American Magazine



"On my right, folks, we have nature's imitation of the New York Skyline."

Those smooth Ingram's shaves are due to these **3** ACTIONS

1 DIRECT WILTING ACTION: Ingram's strips the oil coating from your whiskers. Subdues them. Softens them right down to the skin line for clean, easy shaving.



2 UNIQUE LUBRICATING ACTION: Your skin is smoothed. Drawn tighter. Actually lubricated. Razor glides without scuffing or scraping.



3 FAMOUS COOLING ACTION: Ingram's turns off the heat! Cools your shave. Keeps you face-happy. Saves the cost and bother of lotions.



To give men comfort along with cleaner shaves, Ingram's three special ingredients always do these three things—

1st, wilt whiskers softer at the skin line, where the razor works. 2nd, tone the skin before the shave to prevent nicks and scuffs. 3rd, cool the shave and banish stinging.

One quick, cool shave signs you up for life as a happy Ingram's shaver! And your shaves will cost you less. Ingram's is concentrated; three months of better shaves in each tube or jar. Ask your druggist for Ingram's, or send for free 10-shave tube.

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I'm ready to try Ingram's! Send me the free 10-shave tube.

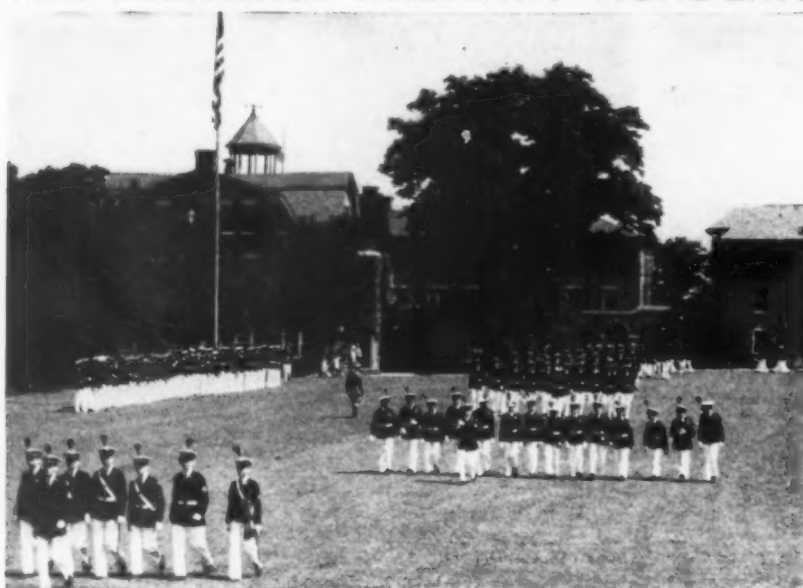
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THE PEEKSKILL MILITARY ACADEMY



DRESS PARADE

The following editorial is reprinted from the *New York Times*

"The Peekskill Military Academy was the first academy after West Point to introduce the 'military feature' into its training. This it did a few years before the Civil War. But while the 'military feature' is continued, the academy is best known for its thoroughgoing training in preparation for college and for citizenship. In the early period of its existence it had among its students two sons of JOHN C. FREMONT, the grandson of ALEXANDER HAMILTON and a ward of JEFFERSON DAVIS. It numbers among its prominent graduates General HENRY T. ALLEN, JAMES B. FORD, its largest benefactor, who gave the academy nearly \$1,000,000, and CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW. It enters upon its second century with full ranks and in strength that grows with years."

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under the late John B. Siddall with its policy of distributing halos among our industrial tycoons is a recent memory. When Charles M. Schwab was compared with Charlemagne, there was general consent that Charlemagne was being overrated. In addition to Dr. Marden, we had Elbert Hubbard and Dr. Frank Crane and a group of lesser oracles who were convinced that America was in the land of milk and honey and any man could be a millionaire who took an interest in the Boy Scouts and was properly humble in the presence of Mr. Wickenhaven, president of the First National Bank.

THIS brings me to Dr. Pitkin's new book *Let's Get What We Want!* (Simon and Schuster). The old boy is really marvelous. Like Mr. Long and Father Coughlin, he knows that things are not right and is very severe with all of us for permitting such conditions to exist. In his charges, he hits upon many organizations which need hitting, among them the fantastic American Medical Association, the most hide-bound, reactionary, moth-eaten group of men I have ever seen in one assemblage. He assails the A.M.A. for its stupid policy of birth control and health insurance. He does even more in the way of insulting our formal American gods by saying that any man with an ordinary salary who buys a house is a sap. From that he proceeds to the thesis that America can conquer the depression by building 15,000,000 houses at a cost of \$3,000 each. Where is the money coming from—Uncle Sam? Not at all. The tenants will pay for them eventually but "during the hard years of transition from the Old America to the New America," the burden must be spread among land owners, factory owners, contractors and the workers employed to build the houses.

That sounds simple enough. Year before last Dr. Pitkin was solving everything by getting us back on the land. Last year we were all becoming Fuller Brush men or something equally original. In short, we were to invent new jobs for ourselves, fifteen million of us. I have forgotten the examples but they were something to remember. It took care of unemployment, at any rate. But in *Let's Get What We Want!*, the good doctor is stirring us up with thoughts of a better life and on the side selling a bill of goods for the national advertisers who have recently been under attack. Incidentally he is ruining the depression. When he gets done building those 15,000,000 houses, we'll be ashamed to

think that we ever worried about the wolf before the door. He'll even have the wolves gainfully occupied in another profession.

EVEN with the future assured, I am taking no chances and am doing everything required in my own quaint profession. The books have been rather good, although not world-stirring. The best of the lot is *Redder Than the Rose*, by Robert Forsythe (Covici-Friede) which will make you laugh even when you're being insulted. Forsythe takes the hide off everything as if he meant it and spares nobody in the process. The Covici-Friede outfit came up with two good ones in a row, also having *Tortilla Flat* by John Steinbeck, which is about a worthless bunch of Mexicans in California and extremely funny if you can forget that it is after all about poverty-stricken people. I should laugh at that more than I do. There have been two imitations of James M. Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. They even have the same involved titles. One is *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* by Horace McCoy, and *All Dressed and In His Right Mind* by Michael Fessier. They are competent, hard-boiled and strikingly effective, almost too easily so. When I ventured to say that Cain's work was not a masterpiece, I was almost mobbed. That sort of writing is a trick, anybody can do it. You can copy Cain but you can't copy Thomas Wolfe. On a bet, I'll write you another *Postman* in a month. For another little piece of change, I'll bet you you can't write another *Of Time and The River* in a hundred years.

(Other comments on page 38)

TO G.

I'll come to you, my darling,
without a kitchen shower,
Without my linen monogrammed,
Without the maiden's dower.

Without a single asset
As far as I can see,
But I will bring you, sweetheart,
My bill for dentistry. —J. S.



It's time for Pabst-

When in Milwaukee, visit the famous Pabst Breweries. See the laboratories and scientific control that assure and maintain Pabst Blue Ribbon quality.



Give a man a rod—and boat—and fish that bite—and give him good old Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale to slack his thirst when the sun beats down.

What is your summertime pleasure? Is it fishing—or golf—or tennis—or motoring—or camping? Whatever it is, you'll enjoy it more if you make cheerful, refreshing, wholesome Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale your companion. You can depend on Pabst for fine flavor—for true, unvarying goodness in brews—folks have for more than ninety years.

Take a tip—get the most out of summer pleasures with Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale.

Pabst
Blue Ribbon
Beer and Ale



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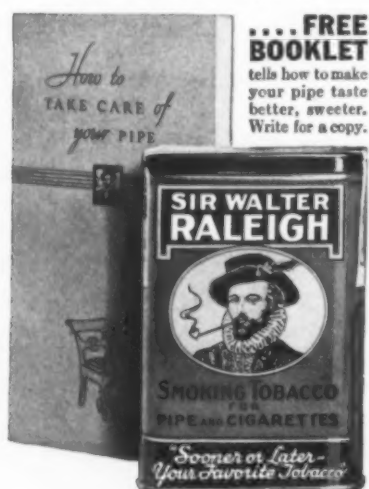
PUTT MISSED BY PUFF!



Fairo Golf Club (special)
—As Sam Slice, local champ, was about to sink a two-foot putt at the deciding hole today, his opponent lit his stewy pipe. Slice lost the match.

"X-x-l" says Slice. "How CAN a man smoke mongrel tobacco and never clean his pipe? Hasn't everybody learned by this time that half the story of happy smoking is a well-kept pipe, and the other half is the gentle, fragrant blend of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco?" Folks, we really *have* found a definitely milder blend. And we've wrapped it in heavy gold foil to keep it fresher for you. Ever tried it?

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
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It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 18)

SO unpopular is a critic, indeed, that even critics don't like him. In fact, if there is one thing a critic distrusts and hates it is another critic. Your own particular Love Interest will give you a few examples out of his recent sad personal experience. Not long ago, in a reference to Mae West, he wrote that Mae's great success was doubtless due to the fact that her audiences were fed up with female string beans and welcomed the epiphany of a good, round, old-fashioned female. The remark, surely, was harmless enough, yet a brother critic on the *Herald Tribune* came right back with the crack that any critic who made such a blustering he-man statement was without question just showing off, and was probably a fairy. A little while later, your sweetbread found some fault with Katharine Cornell's Juliet, noting that he had seen a whole lot of Juliets in his day and that the Cornell one was relatively deficient. As quick as you could say Bill Robinson, a brother critic on the *Evening Journal* hinted that he was a dreadful liar to pretend having seen so many other Juliets (overlooking that his birth date in *Who's Who* is set as 1838) and devastatingly stated, to boot, that your sweetbread had once had a bust made of himself (without legs, the brother critic emphasized) and that a man without legs, whatever his age, couldn't

conceivably have got around so much.

Then there was the time your hired man didn't agree that *Merrily We Roll Along* was the greatest masterpiece shown on the New York stage in the last ten years and was roundly rebuked by a brother critic on the *American* as a negligible ass who actually considered O'Casey a better playwright than Kaufman. And the other time may also be recalled when he was taken for a ride by a brother critic on the *Post* for his "deplorable vulgarity" in dismissing plays that the *Post* brother critic himself couldn't stand for more than one act as junk, tripe or garbage.

SO, whenever a young man approaches me with an inquiry as to how best he may prepare himself for a career as a dramatic critic, you will understand when I tell him to spend three instructive years as follows. For the first year, let him spend at least four nights of every week from September to May, inclusive, sitting in a sewer. For the second year, let him hang around the water-front docks and try calling all the more husky and quick-tempered longshoremen foul names. And for the third year, let him spend six months taking a preparatory cure of mud baths and the other six saving up enough money to be able to beat it when his aesthetic sensibilities, to say nothing of his stomach, can stand it no longer.

Although this is the programme I

"I know. I feel
the same way
about Diesel engines."



customarily outline to him, there is, I feel, a still better one. Let him marry the girl at once and settle down on a chicken farm. There he will be safe from anonymous letters calling him an ignominious half-wit for daring to criticize Owen Davis, who has written 386 plays, when he hasn't written even one. There he will be spared telephone calls to the hen indignantly calling to her attention the fact that he himself can't lay an egg. There he may drink a glass of beer without fear of being accused by theatrical managers of being too drunk properly to pass on the merits of *College Sinners*, *Alley Cat*, *Yesterday's Orchids* and *Geraniums in My Window*.

There, in short, he may happily and contentedly become still another of the great army of hugely self-satisfied critics of dramatic critics.

(For other opinions see page 2)

THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 24)

Becky Sharp

COLOR is here!
So what?

The greatly hullabalooed Whitney million dollar *Becky Sharp*, with the new Technicolor three component color process, is here, and I am not the least bit excited. I don't believe it will revolutionize motion pictures one iota of a revolution.

At least, not until they learn how to keep all the actors from looking like roast turkeys.

There is no sex appeal in a gal who looks as if she were in the last stages of scarlatina.

In the first place, we don't see color in real life to any such extent as they give it to us in this picture. Things are colored in the world in which we live, but rather dully and grayly colored—whereas in *Becky Sharp* they are shriekingly brilliant. The colors are the colors of souvenir post cards (which are certainly zero as an art form)—vivid, livid, disturbing and distracting. You see colors when you should be having emotions. If Technicolor can give us color without giving us color, then they'll have something.

Color is just one more thing to get the producers' minds off of their real job. This is proved definitely in *Becky Sharp*, which is, despite the valiant efforts of attractive Miriam Hopkins, a dull, boring picture, which dullness and boredom are only inten-



WHEN GIN IS CALLED FOR CALL FOR GORDON'S

Cocktail, rickey or Tom Collins—when the drink calls for gin, learn to specify Gordon's. A world favorite for 166 years, Gordon's is smoother, kinder to the throat. Take your choice, Gordon's London Dry or Old Tom. You'll find them both on all good bars.

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The firm of de Kuyper has been world-famed since 1695 for the production of fine gin. In Anchor Dry it has distilled a gin of superb delicacy and perfect flavor. Anchor Dry is worth a trial if you do not already know it.

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Are You Serving Your Cocktails in the Nude?

NO, no! We mean, are you letting those moist-stemmed Martinis and Manhattans come in from the pantry without **Drydees**?

You know the nasty little habit cocktail glasses have—dripping when and where least expected. And you know what vermouth and liquor stains do to a dinner gown or a shirt front.

Drydees are neat paper skirts that fit over the bottoms of your glasses. Ten dozen with your initial, for one dollar. Use the coupon; we'll send them in a hurry.

Drydees

Rolwing Mfg. Co., Room 428,
5 Beekman Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing \$.... for
.... dozen **Drydees** imprinted with
the initial.....

Name

Address

L-8



sified by the gaudy splendor of the color film. Some shots in which the color is subdued or simplified are magnificent, but it remains a question as to whether or not color can be kept in its place in the creation of a full-length film.

Experimentally, *Becky Sharp* may have great significance, but, *per se*, it is just a chromo.

(Other notes on page 2)

QUEERESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 37)

eating it they'd become Dizzy Deans merely became dizzy.

In similar vein, a query from Mr. Richard Forbes of Cambridge, Mass., asks if any one ever used the recipes printed on the sides of flour or cereal packages.

One such case has been verified. A Mrs. Harriet R. Geggie of Minneapolis, Minn., once experimented with all the recipes found on the side of a pancake flour box, and wished later that she had gone to a movie instead. Recipes for corn muffins, angel cake, pies, cinnamon buns, popovers and soda biscuits all sounded good but called for the pancake flour as a basic ingredient, with the result that they all tasted like hot cakes and were made palatable only by generous applications of maple syrup. Mrs. Geggie, I might mention in passing, is very fond of progressive dinners, otherwise known as "Host to host cook-ups."

(Investigator No. 3 just dropped by to say that no one will ever know why boxes labeled "Take One" are always empty, and is going out for a beer. I am going with him.)

Questions should be addressed to Queerresponse, care of LIFE. Five-dollar checks for those used will be promptly mailed.

—G. W.



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Expert and Sincere Service. Moderate Rates. Kindly send for new Room and Restaurant Tariffs. Write for membership card, San Diego Exposition Club Rooms at the Ambassador.

ARE YOU SURE?

(Questions on pages 27 and 30)

1. Has no eyelids.
2. The decorator insisted — (he would!).
3. Soft tar (delicious with toasted cheese).
4. Burgee (it's a pennant).
5. Greenland.
6. Hannah (spell it backward and forward).
7. Packard.
8. Civilian dress—.
9. Bittern.
10. Vanderbilt (Nashville, Tenn.).
11. Antimacassars (see Letters, p. 4).
12. Withhold.
13. "Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan."
14. "One Out of Many."
15. "Well, I shall continue—."
16. Parachuting to safety—.
17. 1823 (composed in 1813-14).
18. Ca-rib-BE-an (Funk & Wagnalls, Webster's).
19. Hunting leopard.
20. In case of fire (but we suspect the spinach).
21. Brigadier Generals rank—.
22. Swimming.
23. Arizona (New Mexico one month earlier in 1912).
24. Freight On Board.
25. The sea (bars probably come next).
26. Practicing magic.
27. Metropolitan Life—.
28. The jeweler wants room—.
29. New York, Chicago & St. Louis.
30. Puzzling.
31. HAY-nus (ditto #18).
32. Cocktail parties.
33. 10 dollar goldpiece (but you'd better not be caught with one).
34. Rice.
35. 32nd (how was your guess?)
36. Corduroy.
37. Massachusetts (Boston, New Bedford, Fall River, Somerville, Springfield, Cambridge, Worcester, Lowell, Lynn).
38. Chrysler.
39. Pabst beer.
40. Illinois is a part of— (territory north of Ohio R. and east of Mississippi R. claimed by New York and Virginia).
41. Matanuska.
42. Parrots.
43. New York to Boston.
44. Explosives.
45. The Press.
46. "Set the copy 13 picas—."
47. Electron.
48. Sun.
49. Margaret Bourke-White.
50. Artificial.

WATCH YOUR STEP!



There's not one
chance in a million
a centipede will get you

IT'S A 50-50 CHANCE THAT ATHLETE'S FOOT WILL

EVEN in localities where centipedes are many, an attack by one is almost unknown.

But, no matter where you live, the fungus which causes Athlete's Foot invisibly lurks in the path of your bare feet.

Your Home Is a Danger Spot

In your own speckless bathroom Athlete's Foot may be waiting to attack you. The swimming pool you patronize, locker rooms—almost anywhere you go barefoot, the fungus spreads its dreaded microscopic web.

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You step unknowingly on the web. Shortly, you notice itching between your toes. White blisters appear. Excessive moisture, cracking, peeling—any of these signs may mean you are a victim of Athlete's Foot.

Absorbine Jr. Kills Fungus Quickly

But—tests by a famed laboratory prove that within *thirty seconds* after Absorbine Jr. has penetrated to the pest, it is killed and is no longer harmful. The minute the first symptom of Athlete's Foot appears—Act!

Splash on Absorbine Jr.! Keep this up until all danger is past. Even your socks must be boiled fifteen minutes to prevent reinfection. Keep Absorbine Jr. in your medicine cabinet and in your club locker. Use it after showers to protect you from infection. It's thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. All druggists, \$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

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Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, SUNBURN

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MULTNOMAH**
PO stands for **PORTLAND
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hospitality on your Pacific Northwest
visit this summer.

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To relieve intense itching of Ringworm or Athlete's Foot and aid healing the red, cracked, or blistered skin between the toes, use **Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX**, 50¢ and \$1.00 jars at drug, shoe, dept. stores. For free booklet on Foot Care, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 308, Chicago.



LIFE ON SALE THE
20th OF EVERY MONTH

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND



wholesome food, enjoying the outdoors and learning, under trained guidance, some of the things that make for happiness and better citizenship.

Contributors to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund must be glad that these city children are experiencing relief from the heat, noise and dirt of the crowded tenements from which they come, and we're glad, too. We can't, however, forget those other children who will not know the joys of trees and grass and healthy recreation this year because of our inability to provide for more youngsters than our voluntary contributions permit.

These needy children must not become forgotten children. They require the support of every individual and agency able to help them. It has been estimated by the New York Health Commissioner that about half a million of them are victims either of malnutrition or of some disorder due to the devastating conditions under which they live.

At this very moment you yourself may be vacation-bound; perhaps you are already at the seashore or in the mountains relaxing, breathing clean air,

WE'RE nearing mid-season at LIFE's Summer Camps and hundreds of boys and girls there are living as children should live — eating lots of good,

building up vitality that is essential to your well-being. If so, you can easily appreciate what two weeks in the country can do for the underprivileged city children who depend on you for their chance to experience what we sometimes take too much for granted.

We have the facilities and the personnel but our potential capacity is regulated by the contributions we receive in the mail. The camps (one for boys in Pottersville, N.J., and one for girls in Branchville, Conn.) are so organized that we can provide a glorious two weeks' holiday for one boy or girl for fifteen dollars, which includes everything, even transportation to and from the camps.

These needy children must not be forgotten children. Will you remember them with a contribution, however small?

For Your Information

LIFE'S Summer Camps (one for boys at Pottersville, N. J., and one for girls at Branchville, Conn.) are supported entirely by voluntary contributions. The Fund has been in operation for the past 48 years, in which time it has expended almost \$705,000.00, providing more than 57,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Fifteen dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday. Contributions of any amount are welcome. If you cannot provide for one child, send in what you can afford. Your contribution will be added to by others and some child will be the beneficiary.

Contributions should be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, and sent to 60 East 42nd St., New York City. They will be acknowledged by mail immediately if the sender's address is given, and also later on in a printed list of contributors.

"Hub!
May and
December!"



IN NEW YORK CITY

an outside room with
bath, shower and radio is

Only **2⁵⁰**

at the

HOTEL MONTCLAIR

and just \$3.50 for two persons

- One of New York's largest and newest hotels containing 800 outside rooms. Located in the center of the world's greatest business-shopping district —the Grand Central Zone.

DISTINCTIVE SEASONAL FEATURES

- **Casino-in-the-Air**—New York's largest open air roof of floral terraces — where all meals are served during summer season.
- **Upper Sports Deck**—where guests can take a sun bath in a bathing suit or enjoy deck sports. 2 Orchestras—Floor Shows — Dancing. Breakfast from 30c. Luncheon 65c and Dinner with dancing and entertainment, only \$1.25.

HOTEL MONTCLAIR

THE TRULY AMERICAN HOTEL
WITH AMERICAN TRADITIONS

Lexington Avenue at 49th Street • New York City
Grand Central Zone

FACULTY MINDS



"PLEASE notice that whenever there is a revolution students are always on the spot, presumably because a revolution gives them a holiday."—Prof. McKaye, visiting Radcliffe.

"It is impossible to be both honest and successful in our present-day society."—Prof. H. D. Heddleston, Sociology, Univ. of Miss.

"Americans have a cheap, sentimentalized, unsexed Christ in their front room, cupid awake and asleep in their bedroom and a watermelon in their dining room."—Prof. Orin Stepanek, Languages, Univ. of Neb.

"The New Deal suffers, and must continue to suffer, from being forced to do sleight-of-hand tricks with the old deck."—Prof. W. Y. Elliott, Harvard.

"We have a good Supreme Court—the best that money can buy."—Dean Dobie, Univ. Va. Law School.

"War is the mother of progress."—Prof. L. W. Cole, Psychology, Univ. of Colo.

"The collective ignorance of a college faculty would fill an encyclopaedia."—Ass't Dean Hale, Harvard Medical School.

"The most damnable thing we can say about a girl is that she is a good girl."—Prof. Harold Chapman, Philosophy, Stanford Univ.

"I can't answer my own questions."—Prof. Rogers, Florida State College.

"A bull will chase anything in the springtime."—Prof. Langhorne, Psychology, Emory Univ., Ga.

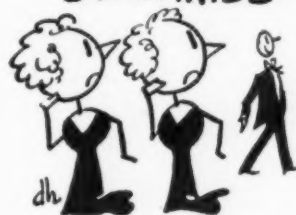
"With the exception of myself, Dizzy Dean is probably the most underpaid man in the country today."—Prof. Kenneth Bartlett, Speech, Syracuse Univ.

[Undergraduates are invited to contribute to this department. Two dollars each will be paid for acceptable items. Address Faculty Minds, care of LIFE.]

little ad-ventures

by don herold

AND HE'S SO FINE
OTHERWISE



Beat them to this criticism

Once in a lifetime is once too often for any man to commit the mistake that Mum can prevent.

I don't need to hem and haw about the bush. We all perspire. So far, so good. But, though the world grants this, it expects each man to keep his perspiration 100% shushed . . . mum . . . purely personal.

One breeze of it to the world, and he's declassé . . . out . . . a perspiration pariah.

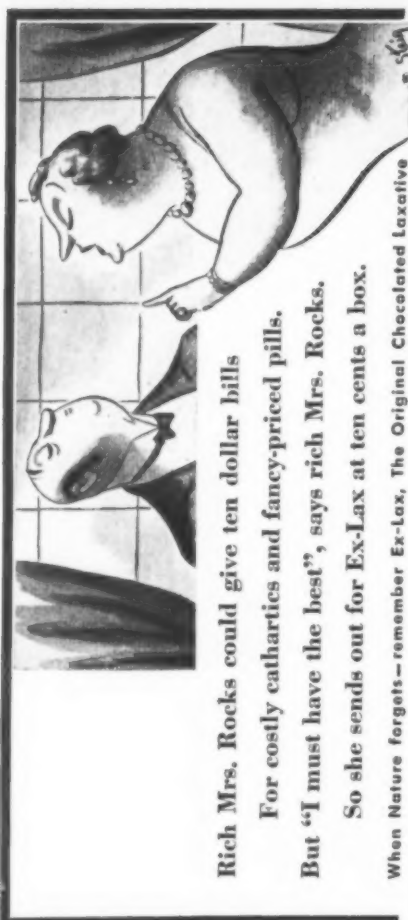
So, if it were necessary, any man could afford the expense of using BARRELS of Mum to insure himself against committing this social blunder. But barrels aren't necessary. A tiny dab . . . a mere touch . . . under each arm after your bath each morning, and again before evenings out, is all that is required.

If Mum were hard to take it might be a different story. But Mum is a pleasant, fragrant, stainless cream, and a small jar lasts many weeks. It does not stop perspiration . . . simply acts as an all-day deodorant. Many men enjoy the habit of underarm touches of Mum, and many use Mum also for foot comfort, and to keep hose and shoe linings fresh. (Lots of druggists now report 1 out of 4 Mum sales to men.)

Be your own severest critic in this matter. Forestall comment by others.

I suggest an experiment. Try Mum at no expense. Send your name and address on this here adjacent margin and get a free sample. Mail to Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. G-85, 74 West St., New York City.





Rich Mrs. Rocks could give ten dollar bills
For costly cathartics and fancy-priced pills.
But "I must have the best", says rich Mrs. Rocks.
So she sends out for Ex-Lax at ten cents a box.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax, The Original Chocolate Laxative

57 REASONS

why LIFE becomes more
widely read with each
succeeding issue:

Ogden Nash

Don Herold

Paul Gallico

Kyle Crichton

George Jean Nathan

And half a hundred other
able artists and writers.

ON SALE THE 20th
OF EVERY MONTH

LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York
Gentlemen: Please enter my subscrip-
tion for twelve months
at [enclosed herewith] \$1.50. (Cana-
dian and Foreign \$2.10.)

Name _____

Address _____

L-8

IT'S pretty hard to write chatty para-
graphs about Edward Hopper (his
work on p. 6). He isn't that sort of a
man. In fact, he has been called "the
shyest painter of all" by a lot of peo-
ple who know.

He writes: "I'm always at a loss when
asked for facts regarding any of my
pictures or to describe how any one of
them came to be made. It is so often a
very complicated mental process that
would not interest people. The idea for
'Room in New York,' which you have
reproduced, had been in my mind a
long time before I painted it. It was
suggested by glimpses of lighted in-
teriors seen as I walked along the city
streets at night, probably near the dis-
trict where I live (Washington Square),
although it's no particular street or
house, but is rather a synthesis of many
impressions."

Briefly, Hopper is 53 years old; born
in Nyack, N. Y.; attended a private
day school and spent his Saturdays in
the Nyack shipyards, studying the rig-
ging and building of yachts; later, art
school in New York; still later, study
in Paris sans bohemia; after that, 20
years of discouragement.

Best thing about Hopper is his horror
of the obviously picturesque; he would
rather paint a discarded biscuit tin than
a quaint old mill. A few years ago he
was persuaded to visit New Mexico. For
days he wandered around among In-
dians, adobe houses and gaudy moun-
tains without painting a stroke. One day
he returned triumphant; on a siding he
had found a rusty old Denver and Rio
Grande locomotive. It made a fine water
color composition.

+

WE thought you might be in-
terested in the telegram sent
us by Crossword Puzzle Contest winner
Ernest J. Wakefield of Kensington,
Md.:

"Still somewhat dazed, but believe
the following biographical data to be
approximately correct. Color—white,
shading to maroon in summer. Born the
youngest of five the year of the big bliz-
zard, at Waterville, Oneida County,
New York. Education—high school, no
college. Other professions—civil engin-
eering about two rungs below the bot-
tom of the ladder twenty-five years ago,
and have never worn a silk hat. Em-
ployed since 1918 as highway engineer
by Federal Government. Character,
sober and industrious in moderation.

"Smoke dated cigarettes and like my

coffee hot. Happily married—charming
wife and two ditto children. Hobby—
flower gardening. Pet aversion—chin
waggers. Favorite poets—Edna St. Vin-
cent Millay, John Masefield, and Ogden
Nash. Drive a 1929 Chevrolet and like
it.

"Sorry if this sounds incoherent, but
my wife is all excited and hasn't a thing
to wear. Say you aren't kidding me, are
you? The whole family send love and
kisses."

(See also Letters, page 5.)

+

BEST crack of the month
from Dave Thompson, new
"Go" Places and Records editor: "I like
Cantor because he uses only the center
leaves—from Joe Miller's jokebook."
... Major distraction in new editorial
offices: feeding pigeons which invari-
ably light on the window ledge when
there is no bread for them and stay
away when the ledge is well crumbed.
Maybe they don't like bread. ... A
brass watch should go to the Crossword
Puzzle Contest entrant who titled his
literary effort: "Life Lines—To Be
Thrown Out." ... Comment of Prof.
Sears, U. of Illinois psychologist upon
seeing one of his statements published
in Faculty Minds: "I wish I'd known
about it before. For two bucks I can
make better cracks than that." ... The
Queerespondence editor answered some
queeries as a guest on Ray Knight's
Cuckoo Clock program over WJZ last
month and hasn't received any fan mail
yet. ... Arthur Lippmann can actually
sing. He proved it on the radio a couple
of weeks ago. ... A gentleman who just
bought a boat called us up and in-
formed us that a yacht club is a place
where the members get together to
scrape and paint their boats and map
out long cruises to put off until next
year.

—THE EDITORS

Edward
Hopper

